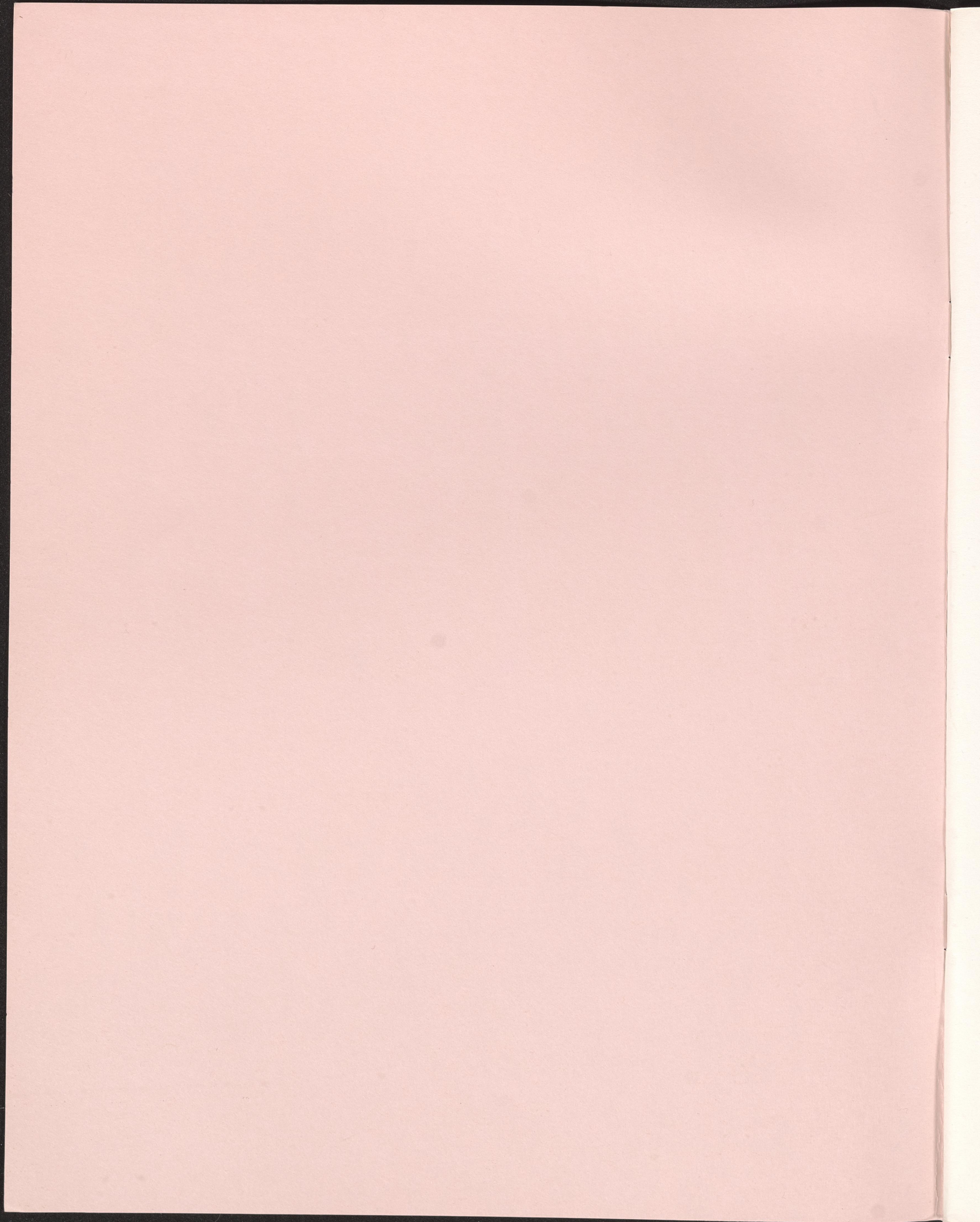




*Hallmarks
of Harpeth Hall 1985*



HALLMARKS 1985

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Hallmarks Chairman - Heidi Vastbinder
Art Editor - Shelly Martin
Sponsors - Mrs. Sarah Stamps, Mr. Peter Goodwin

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Carol Cavin

DEDICATION

This edition of Hallmarks is dedicated to a faculty member for her patience, diligence, and devotion to the ideals of the Penstaff Club. She has employed her skills and talents as a teacher to instill and promote a love of literature and writing in her students. Moreover, her encouragement of individual expression has been made evident in the encouragement of her students and Penstaff members as well. As she leaves her post this year, her mark of influence upon principles and learning will remain. It is with great appreciation that the Penstaff Club dedicates the 1985 edition of Hallmarks to Mrs. Sarah Frost Stamps.

EDITOR - Heidi Vastbinder

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ONE SMALL LEAF
Shelly Martin '86

Deep within the woods, beyond the people and the towns, flows a clear and winding brook. Its shores are lined with many flowers and butterflies as well as thorns and hard rocks. This brook often changes its course as it passes through both bright glades and dense forests. A beautiful tree stands in proud magnificence upon a small hill in the glade with the bubbling brook flowing beneath it. The seasons are changing and signs of approaching autumn begin to appear throughout the forests and glades; it is a time of Change. Leaves gracefully glide from the limbs of this great tree, and begin a new course as they are carried by the waters of the brook to new sights and adventures. One leaf, however, slightly brown but still retaining specks of beautifully brilliant color, falls from the security of the great tree onto the shores of the brook. The other leaves dance atop the waters of the brook while this one small leaf clings to the security of the bank, only slightly touched by its cool waters. It sits cautiously letting the water flow over its tip as other gaily colored leaves flow down the brook toward the widening river. Suddenly the leaf is swept into the brook, freely bouncing upon its waters and beaming with newly found brilliance as it journeys toward the river of life.



Kristin Dietrich

MY PATH
Laura Francis '87

The path is not controlled;
Roaming, floating, billowing across
The blue yet clear depth.
As I look above, I see a resemblance
of myself, my life, with a chance
for any wind: North, South, East or
West, rushing or creeping behind
me to push me toward the
course I should follow.
To choose now seems useless — I
just need to sit and ponder the
depth — let it fall into place.
The various hues above represent
different choices but they are far away.
At present, I am content to roam on.
Soon, I will be away, but I enjoy
the momentary calmness He has
spread over me; a rare calmness, not
often found in this world of
turmoil and confusion.
The choice for my course?
Soon the choice will be made
but not until my calm bubble is
shattered ...

SHALLOW WATERS
Jennifer Cox '85

There is a permanent drought in this world
The dry earth yearns for the rain of deep understanding.
Sometimes I feel as if I am treading through shallow water
I want to find the deep, vast waters of emotion,
Yet the fear of drowning overshadows my desire.
A fear instilled in every individual that the
swift current will carry him away.
Instead of coming to grips with this fear
he avoids the surroundings of the deep waters
And when it begins to rain, he monotonously
walks through the puddles on the dirty sidewalk.

TREASURES FOREVER

Kristin Breuss '86

They can take away my future
Abduction occurs so fast
But never —

No, not ever

Can they take away my past.

They can blind me from the light
Block away the sun ...
But memories of the former
Can be stolen by no one.

They can fill my eyes with misery
Well up my eyes with fears
Seize my childhood treasures
All things which I hold dear.

Deny me any laughter
Make my life one of terror and fear
But in no way at no time of life
Can I be denied these years ...

These times of love and learning
Absorbing and observing
Uncovering the best of life
Striving to discover more
The days of smelling flowers
Wiling away the hours
Living each day as if it were my last.

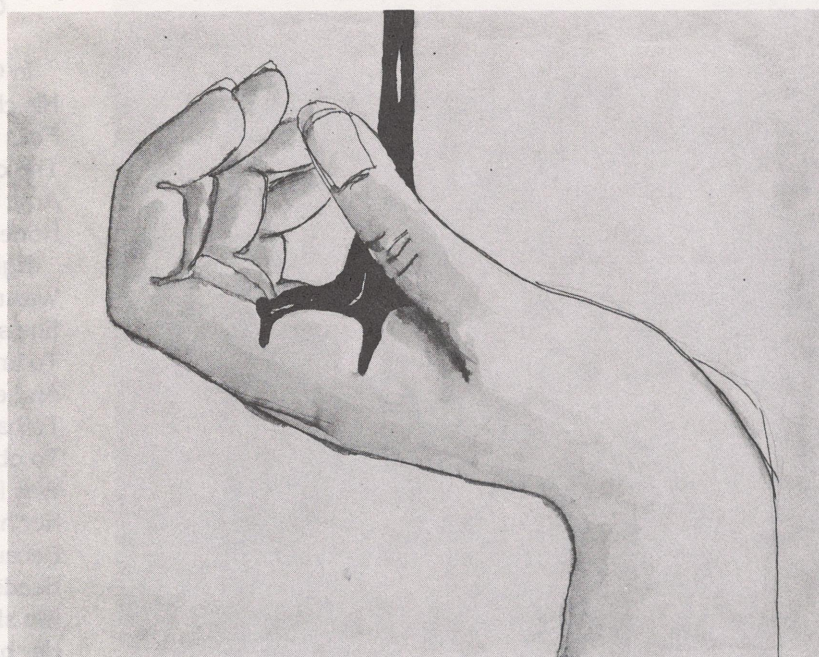
There will always be the memories
Sweet and bitter memories
Shadows of the past will linger
Always in my mind;

I shall forever keep my memories
Those select elect of memories
Until that final day when
All three tenses become my Past.

HANG-OVER

Laura Lynn Molesworth '85

A conglomeration of words jumbled by a slur
A pool of blood encircles the eyes
A throbbing expands the temples of the head
A stifled walk to the "ultimate release"
Thus, one day is ready to be faced.



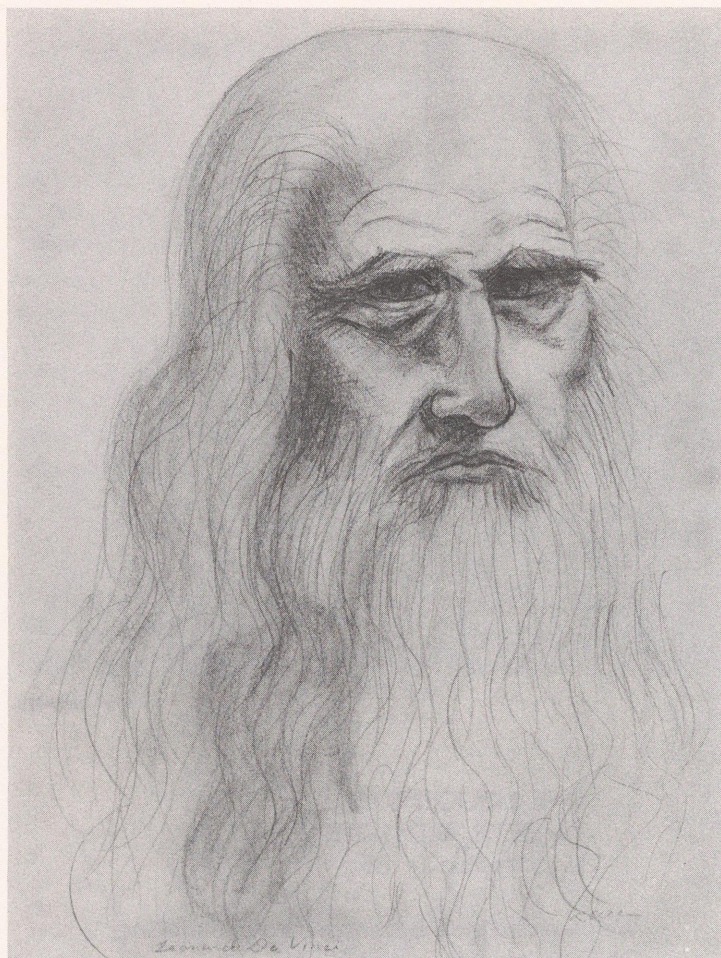
Susan Stevens

ONE INNOCENT EVE

TO BETH, WITH LOVE

Heidi Vastbinder '85

We played in the innocent garden one evening,
Oblivious to what lay ahead
Scattering seeds for the pleasure of scattering -
No premeditation, no apprehension
No expectation of life from the dying ground
Except the childish imagining
that our play really meant anything.
Forgetting that what is forgotten sometimes
is remembered itself and is never really Forgotten.
Winter snows dealt crushing blows
To Eden's expectations.
But we were content
with our indoor games which were far more
important than the folly of the Fall.
Deluded by the deluge, we mourned the loss
Unaware that our mourning awakened a fairer morning
Which pressed slowly in, gently awakening
With tender breaths of rain
Fostered by mastering hands
Which carved out a new life from the decaying remains,
something grew - beyond us. Our feeble play
That autumn day fit a plan and then became
Not what we thought - but something stronger
Which grew to thrive and then survive
Many more doubts of winter.
It takes time to grow
And hearts are slow
And though we grow tired and old
The Infinite Tending Hands
Take care through the cold
And bring life from the empty land.



Regina Allen

NOTHIN' LIKE IT
Laura Francis '87

It bounces up with the Easter Bunny,
Long awaited, all bright and sunny.
It passes quickly but while it's here,
The former winter's a forgotten drear.
For it's so special, the sun, the flowers;
It's a shame its length seems just an hour.
There's nothin' like it, that's for sure,
Fresh, clear skies and meadows pure.
One lone buttercup increases to many,
Ducklings quack and fillies whinny.
A time of growth, rebirth, and love.
A tiny chick flies after mom's gentle show.
There's nothin' like it, don't keep to yourself,
Share this short time with somebody else.
For no one knows what tomorrow will bring.
Pass this sunshine on so all heaven will sing!
Leave a piece of your heart wherever you go,
And the love for life will be yours to show.

Cathy Kanaday '86

In Chaucer's time, the church was most corrupt.
His clerical characters serve as abrupt
Foils to his devoutly honest parson.
The clergy could get away with larceny.
And, alas, who was left to look the fool?
Honest members - the exception to the rule.

Eglantyne, the haughty prioress,
Was not truly devout, or so I'd guess.
She sang at Mass with proper intonations
To impress her peers at these invocations.
And even Judith Martin would be proud
To have the honor of being allowed
To observe this woman whose special greed
Was for manners, her highest ranking creed.
Her habits were absolutely divine
Because of the magnificently fine
Beads which were placed upon her rosary
(So she could better serve Holy Mary).
Her brilliant gold brooch read "Love conquers all."
Though answering "love of what" proved her fall.
Were the prioress so truly devout
Would she not have corrected her host flat out
Regarding his slip, "Dominus" instead
of "Domini?" This gauchery would have led
Any learned Latin scholar to scold
An error of grammar so very bold.

Her prologue opens with part of Psalm eight
And she begs pardon that her style is not great
In speaking, though anyone can see
with "Thee" and "Thou" she attempts such eloquency.
Like a year old child who can barely mean
Anything though trying to make it so seem
As if (s)he could: Eglantyne, neither can she.
This must be why she begs the Virgin's pity.

In the Sovereign Ghetto we find
It's "free and open," unlike Eglantyne's mind.
And they allow anyone who may choose
To enter the village of these outcast Jews.
Through here, Christian children run fleetingly
en route to acquire proper breeding.
Whether God is the "Crown" we never know,
Watching his other flock. The prioress, though,
Would rather not be the first to dispel
The rumor that the place where Satan dwells
Is deep within the core of Jewish hearts.
Obviously the Prioress did her part

(poem continued)

(continuation)

Setting an example for all to see
And follow - one of unabated bigotry.
Not once in her pious tale does she seem
To utter anything that would redeem
The Jews (or even herself for that matter).
Surely a nun would wish to flatter
Herself for compassionate understanding
In instances which are so withstanding.
Comparing Jews to wasps is not the best
Of allusions, but then who would have guessed
Eglantyne today could have the WASPish role.
Surely Chaucer would find this rather droll.

She compares the slain child to an emerald.
Less secular people were likely appaled
Appropriately so, but it's just no fun
To lead the selfless life of a Catholic nun.
On reaching the climax - the funeral -
Her tale begs for sentiment from one and all.

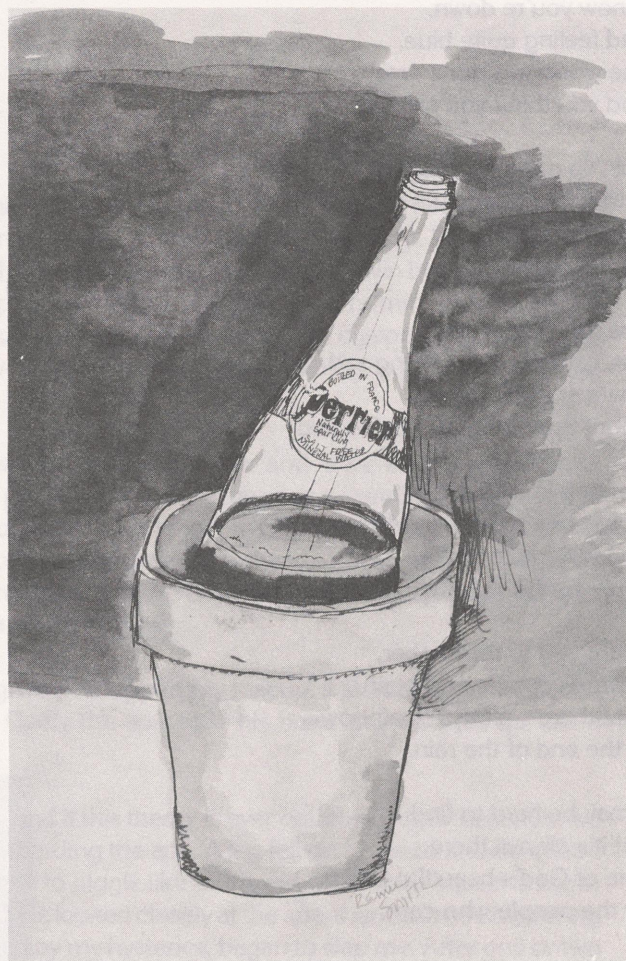
The nun condemns the abbot subtly
For not being as holy as he ought to be
With the holy prioress' damnation, woe
To him for then it must be so.
It is ironic that the child's mother
Christian as she, is compared to none other
Than Rachel of the Old Testament, a
Jewish mother who, though in not the same way,
Lost her sons (to Assyrian strangers)...

The young child falls prey to one of the dangers
of prayer: he is singing praise without knowing why
And it is because he offends that he must die.

Mary, oddly enough, to whom we pray
"For help and comfort on our dying day."
Was the cause of death for this young lad.
Though singing in death, he is just as glad
To praise the blessed Virgin with his voice:
"I must sing again." But has he a choice?

Before concluding her "prayer" to Mary
She notes "Humans are unstable and vary."
Her tale was not a prayer, but even then
She doesn't hesitate to add "Amen."

Amen



Ramie Smith

THE EYE OF A HURRICANE

Beth Mitchell '87

You are like the eye of a hurricane
The world rushes past you
Others hurry and shout and crowd
You walk slowly and thoughtfully
But are you really like the eye of a hurricane
Deceptively calm

CONSTANT FRIEND

Leah Altemeier '87

I visit my cottage by the lake every summer.
The sun warms my soul
The wind blows away my past:
the mistakes
the stupidity
the cruelty
I am absolved and forgiven
And ready to start anew
With the knowledge of deterrents
To aid me in my future.

THE CHEER-UP POEM

Beth Blaufuss '88

Dear Catherine

I know you're down,
And feeling quite blue,
The world has gone crazy,
And you think you are too.

But I've got a message,
In which I hope you'll delight:
Relax! Cheer Up!
It'll be alright!

The world won't stop
just 'cause you're feeling sad,
Down and depressed
About the problems you've had.

I bring this message
Of happiness and good cheer,
And tell you to smile,
You've got a friend, right here!

I want you to remember,
In words simple and plain,
That there's always a rainbow
At the end of the rain.

It may be hard to find,
But it's always there,
One of God's beautiful things,
Or the people who care.

So find the silver lining,
And see what's there, too,
I love you, my friend,
I really do.

Now SMILE!

A PRAYER

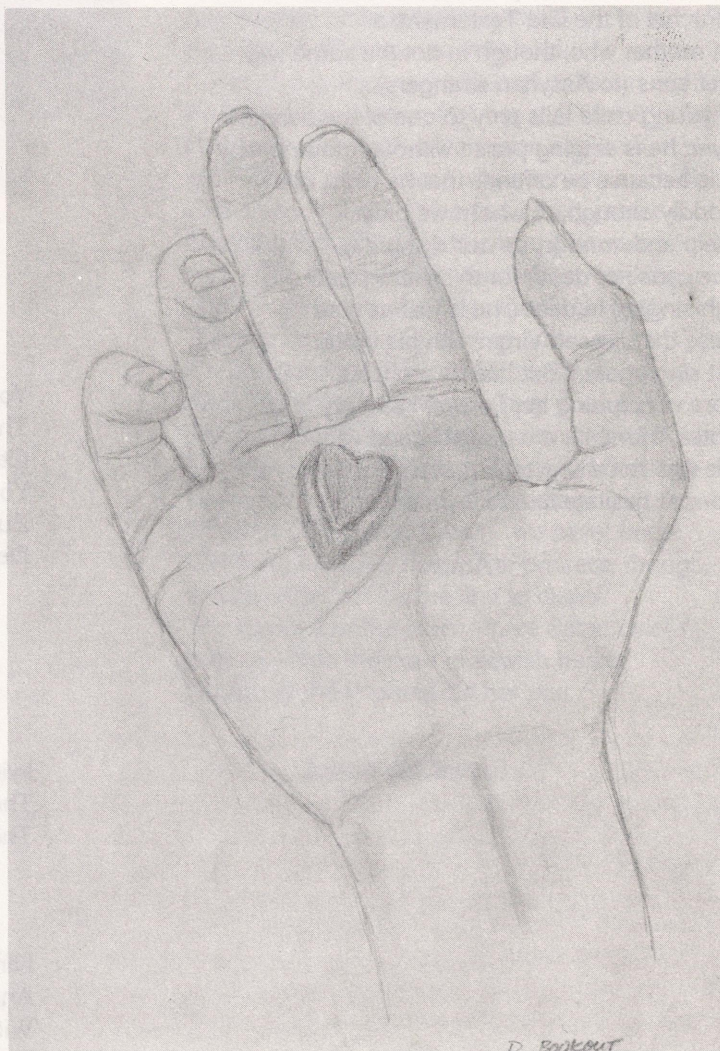
Beth Blaufuss '88

Hi, God.
It's me, down here.
Today was really rough,
And I'm getting discouraged.
I'm scared.
And frightened. And confused.
I feel all alone.
And I don't know what's up the road.
But you taught me something.
No matter what happens, you're always there.
Help me not to forget that,
'Cause I'm not strong enough to handle it on my own.
You can make it hard, but please don't make it
impossible.
Thanks for listening.
Bye God.

HOW WOULD YOU PEEL A SQUARE APPLE?

Beth Mitchell '87

Of all the labor-saving devices around
The one most overlooked is that apples are round
The fact that apples are round you see
Makes a world of difference to you and me
There are some skeptics who doubt this is true
But if apples were square what would we do?
Preparing strudel and dumplings would be hard indeed
And we'd all curse dear Johnny for planting the seed
Now this may sound silly and my worries a bore
But making rings from square apples would be quite a chore
This also troubles me and that is no lie
With a square apple could you make a round pie?
Now here is a problem for all of you scorners
How would you eat a caramel apple with corners?
And how would you arrange a fruit plate to please
If a slice of apple looked just like Swiss cheese?
This last point in itself is a cause for despair
For how would you peel an apple that's square?



D. Bookout

Darcy Bookout

Lynn Robinson '88

I was invited to tea at a friend's home. I was not well acquainted with this friend so to avoid embarrassment of uneasiness he invited two others with whom we were both acquainted. It was a most enjoyable alfresco. We had a most pleasant conversation. We were in the midst of discussing poetry when a man alight ran across the lawn before us. He was screaming in agonizing atones. He came right in front of us, stopped, and stared at us, his flesh burning bright red. He looked at me, I was so awestruck I could not move. Then, as suddenly as he had appeared, he disappeared. We all sat dumbfounded. We had no idea where he came from or where he went. In a sense, we knew nothing. In another sense, we knew everything. Because there was nothing to know.

Re-established in our in-depth conversation about poetry, we drank the fine tea and were enjoying ourselves immensely. Caught up in our discussion, we failed to recognize the presence of a rather large ape standing on the edge of the patio, in the exact spot the man alight had stood. So the ape stood calmly. His long arms hanging by his side. We all sat staring at the ape. This continued for about five minutes. Then abruptly the ape covered his head with his arms and fell back to the ground laughing hysterically. I felt my jaw drop. I denied the credibility that this day was real. It had certainly been one of "those" days. So there I sat, teacup in hand, watching an ape laugh hysterically.

Then, violently his appendages shot up into the air to heights misgiving. I dropped my teacup. It shattered on the paved ground. The sound rang through my ears but I could not move. Curtly the ape lifted his head and watched us with a distrustful eye. So he sat watching us as we sat watching him.

Now, I believe the theory - whatever goes up must come down - and if this theory is ever doubted I know better. As we sat watching the ape his arms and legs fell back to the ground bombarding the ape. A leg fell on his head knocking him unconscious. Overcome by a strange, unexplainable silliness, I began to giggle like a little girl. My friends stared at me in wonder. Our host rose to investigate the ape. Still giggling, I watched. He looked closely at the ape, then returned muttering something about bionics. I died laughing. My friends, slightly amused by my hysterics, began to slap me. After one or two good slaps I came around to my usual, sensible self. With a dazed expression, I watched the ape. I said aloud "biparental." They looked at me incredulously. I explained my thoughts that the ape was biparental. My friends exchanged glances. They shrugged and sat down. Pouring more tea, we watched the ape burn. As we sat composed, drinking our tea like persons of the civilized world, no one mentioned the burning legs of the ape jumping up and running away, no one remarked about the biretta flying through the air when the winds were calm and no priest was in sight. No one claims to have noticed the casabas rolling across the lawn in bis.

With great detail our host captivated us with tales of the casern where he was stationed in World War II. With bittersweet memories he re-created the entire situation of the barracks at that time. Totally entranced by his stories we enjoyed a most delightful hour or so with no distractions. With great pleasure we watched the sun descend from heaven. So content were we that nothing could distract us. I was studying the garden around us when I caught sight of a zebu. In a most civilized manner I announced my observation. My friends congratulated me for correctly identifying the horrible beast of burden. I smiled reflecting on the pleasure of having such a fine education. We watched as the ugly friend approached that dangerous spot on the edge of the patio in front of us. We watched with ample curiosity. Was he going to laugh hysterically until all his limbs flew up into the air? Or was he going to alight? We pondered these questions merrily. Inquisitively we waited. The zebu looked perplexed, as if trying to decide some urgent matter. Finally, he shyly moved forward onto the patio and turned sideways, showing us his profile. I concluded that the zebu is not a particularly attractive animal. Gathering all his strength the beast began a slow, rhythmic dance with his feet. Gaining confidence, he quickened the tempo. Soon I recognized the dance as a zapateado. When the animal had tired himself he walked on, obviously proud of his performance. We sat in silence in the cool air of dusk meditating our existence on earth. My only feasible excuse for the phenomenon of the day is that it was just "one of those days."

A NURSERY RHYME

Heidi Vastbinder '85

Remember the desks - the color
of chewed cinnamon gum, and story mats -
numbered paper snowmen who didn't mind
the thumbtacks through their hats?

And how my skin grows to resent
the oxford confinement 'til I
realize what it will be like
to loose the comfortable ties.

Of boxes of memories weighing me down
which won't let me go and can't
let me out. I rush to defend my own
tears that I shed for no reason but loss ...

Of something I can't explain - nor replace.
Yet it will be welcome - the time
when changing my mind or purpose
becomes mine and not - Darwin's

Even theories must evolve - but I am neither
bound to them nor by them - only
the walls of the kindergarten that
always rise tall when I must fly.

ELEGY

Arwen Staros '86

Dedication: To Harpeth Hall - I'll miss you! (and to two
teachers in particular: Mr. Young and Mr. Peter Goodwin)

No longer will she lie under the pungent magnolias
Book open to an arbitrary page
Grass scraping her bare legs
As she sleeps in the noon sun.

Nothing more will she discuss, or rather argue,
Her back to the distracting wall
Unvanquished in her attempt
To keep a liberal view.

Never again will she spend those long afternoons
That stretch into evening
Hearing the studio's ancient songs
During conversational pauses.

But always will I laugh as I say
Do not despair!
For I have only moved
To bigger, if not better, things.



Mary Ann Ozier

FOR THOSE LEIGH LEFT BEHIND

Sarah Frost Stamps

It was midsummer, and I swam on my back,
Feeling my sun-warmed body cool in the water,
The sky was blue, and drops of water fell,
Rainbowed, from my fingers. A radio played.
Even as my senses thrilled, my mind
Was troubled, and my heart was sore and ached
That Leigh's sweet body sensed such things no more,
That she who loved life's beauties so intensely
Had so short a time, had missed so much.
Then a thought dropped, shining, on my heart,
Like the prisms drops from off my fingers:
Perhaps Leigh's soul, now free of body, feels
Sensations far beyond our flesh-dressed senses.
I thought of Leigh exploring new delights
And smiling to herself that she will share
Them all so soon, in her timeless world,
With those, now grieving, whom she left behind.
I dove beneath the water and came up,
With renewed joy, into the sun.

IN STRENGTH AND GRACE

Robyn Growdon '88

An empty room stands ... echoless
The yellow walls ... unsure
A cold calm hush ... fills the air
The Shock ... of the Future
For here once held
in this stilled room
the voices of old
talking with wisdom
truths ... yet untold
faded voices ... laughing ...
crying - and yet
gone forever - for those
... who forget.
But I cannot!
Nor will I 'ere
those voices so true
forgetting not
the person there
who cared - for me - and you.
And when
"In Strength and Grace thy Walls
arise -
Above the Woodland Still"
Let us not forget
who built them,
and why.
For all those who "In Strength and Grace" resigned.

IF ONLY ...

Katie Quillen '85

If only ...
If only shells could tell the stories
of the many things they've seen,
man would be richer with knowledge
of the unknown realm of the sea.

If only ...
If only clouds could relate the tales
they are told by the whispering winds,
man would be richer with knowledge
of nature and wonders therein.

If only ...
If only I could convey my thoughts
and my feelings deep inside,
you would be richer with knowledge
of the things I try to hide.

WRITTEN IN A MOMENT OF LOVE

for someone very special to me -

The Harpeth Hall Faculty

Rachel Frey '87

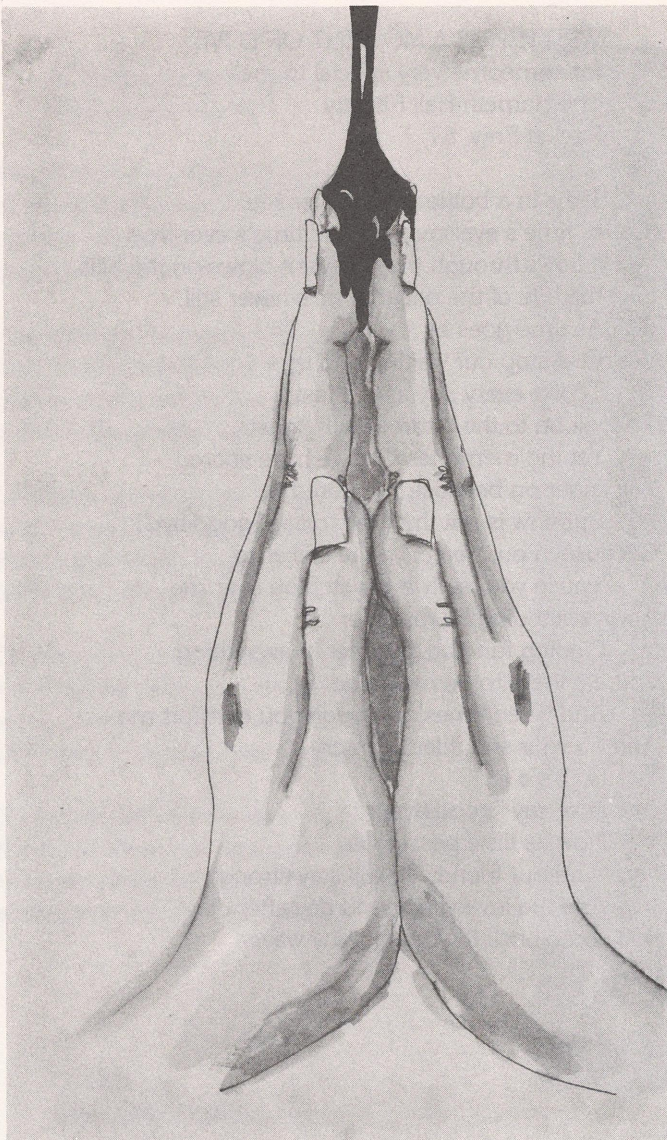
Time in a bottle you'll never see.
'Cause time's ever moving and time's ever free.
It flows through the valleys; it blows on the hills
Like the tide of the ocean time's never still.
As time goes by
We must stop our waiting and try
To live every day as our last
To look on to the future not the past.
Yet the memories that we have shared
Will linger on because you cared.
But now is not the time to say "good-bye"
Because in our hearts you're still alive
'cause you're always watching over me
Always standing by my side
Finding fun and laughter in everything
You are there to be my guide.
And when times are rough you comfort me
And on your shoulder I can cry
So it's a lie -
If we say "good-bye."
Now as time passes on
I am sure our friendship will stay strong
And the love you spend day after day
Will come back to you in many ways.

SWITCHING

Laura Francis '87

We were fearful the first day of high school,
There was more on our minds than the golden rule.
Our goal was to make friends and to "fit in,"
Coming from a different school made it harder to blend.
Strange voices, strange faces; new sites, and a foreign world,
Were soon to be familiar and often heard.

A stretched out hand reaches toward me;
I grasp it eagerly and gain confidence from its strength.
The strength of one who has experienced my fear.
She guides me, welcomes me, and gives plans for the year.
She points out classrooms and teachers along the way;
The bell rings - too soon - I wish I could stay!
My first day of high school was colored brightly,
A bond of friendship I had accepted delightfully.



Susan Stevens

THOSE ABOUT TO DIE Laura Matter '87

The hot sun shone brightly in the
amphitheater as the man stepped in,
And voices hummed with excitement.
The shining white toga drew each pair of eyes
Like the attraction displayed by a magnet.
The man smiled and cheers rang
Throughout the atmosphere.
Now could begin the spectacle
Held by the people so dear.
Through timid eyes he gazed at the man,
The consul whom he must confront,
As his reluctant feet proudly
marched through the sand.
Morituri te salutant.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath,
And turned to face his opponent.
He clutched his sword and realized
His world would change any moment.
Clashing of metal and roaring voices
Intermingled to chaos which reached
for his brain.

Forced down in the sand, all that mattered was life,
But all he could feel was the pain.
His face adorned with beads of sweat
Turned upward silently begging for mercy.
The man in white with his teeth gleaming bright
Tolled with laughter. Pollice verso.

TO: MY TIMELESS TEDDY Cecelia Wong '86

i was looking through some old pictures of days gone by and came across one of you. it felt funny seeing you again as though you brought back a part of me i had lost but not really. it's been oh, over a decade since then and i can still remember how we used to play together. you were my friend. big brown and cuddly you were everything from my horsey to my dancing partner when we made believe and things were so painless then.
i guess i giddied you up too much or danced you altogether roo hard because one day you lost your eye and got a big hole in your side. i guess it was no use trying to bandage you up because you were sick and wouldn't be getting better but i guess i was too young to understand that. it was very sad when you died but i guess that's what they call growing up...

THE SMOKE TURNS INTO CLOUDS
Lindy Rogers '85

Sitting here, thinking of the way it used to be
Wondering if we could ever-ever be the same
We used to be a two-man team
The kind who never left each other's side.
But now the days - as they pass
We go our different ways
And leave each other alone
And hope to have the wings to fly.

Because every day and everywhere
The smoke turns into clouds
The smoke turns into clouds.

Sitting here thinking of the way it used to be
Knowing that the time - the time has passed us by
We know each other far too well
To see through the bad and notice the good
My life has changed and so has yours
We leave to drift and fall apart
Find a way to live alone
And carry on with hidden pain

Because every day and everywhere
Every day and everywhere
The smoke turns into clouds
The smoke turns into clouds

Sitting here thinking of the way it used to be
Knowing that the time - the time has passed us by
Because every day and everywhere
Every day and everywhere
The smoke turns into clouds
The smoke turns into clouds.

?

Jennifer Cox '85

Some people say life is a puzzle.
The mystery of the future looms in the darkness.
The scattered pieces of the puzzle slowly come together
The arrangement seems close to perfection
However there is one missing piece
The immediate surroundings are searched
The piece is nowhere to be found
A step out of the protective world is taken
to begin a never-ending search
A useless search for the unknown, the unattainable
Yet along the way, many valuable treasures
are discovered.

Scottie Hill '85

There are walls about me. I put them there
myself, but you gently take them away
and I am ashamed.
I see so much of myself that I did not
realize I was -
I see my future with you, tomorrows
of us eternal -
So there is hope in tomorrow and in
Your promises only - in losing my walls,
I become all of myself and all of our
future together is gift begging to be received.



Anwen Staros

AN ALTERNATE PROPOSITION

Kristin Breuss '86

O, good man Seneca,
What is it thou say?
That art follows nature in every way?

Yes, my fine Roman,
I concur this as true,
Yet I wish to present the converse to you;

That the best sort of man
In the best possible ways
Incorporates art into his ordinary days.

He becomes an Aeneas
Taking on such great tasks
He celebrates honor
In pietas he basks;

He works to uphold
The beauty portrayed,
High ideals represented
Their costs to repay;

He imagines the artists'
High vision of man
To represent it he strives,
To meet it he demands.

So you see fellow Seneca,
A full circle makes it mark;
While Art follows nature,
Highest Nature follows Art.

TO FIRST PERIOD
Arwen Staros '86

Flat, smooth, white,
Inclined plane
Elbows rest on its hard surface.
Three pencils, neatly placed, in a
Row are kept from rolling off by a Pink Pearl.
The kneaded eraser is soft to the
Touch, giving and forgiving, not like the table.

Paper, rough white on smooth.
Lines begin.
Darker, shading, smudging
The paper becomes
Becomes alive.
The hand creates a separate creature.
It sings and dances -
Opera and ballet.
The backbone orchestra swells the air.
Unconscious Rapture.

Scattered by time.
Without fail
At nine a.m. every day,
The bell.
Part of being put away
With the drawing,
Patient, sleeping, haunting
The rest of the day.

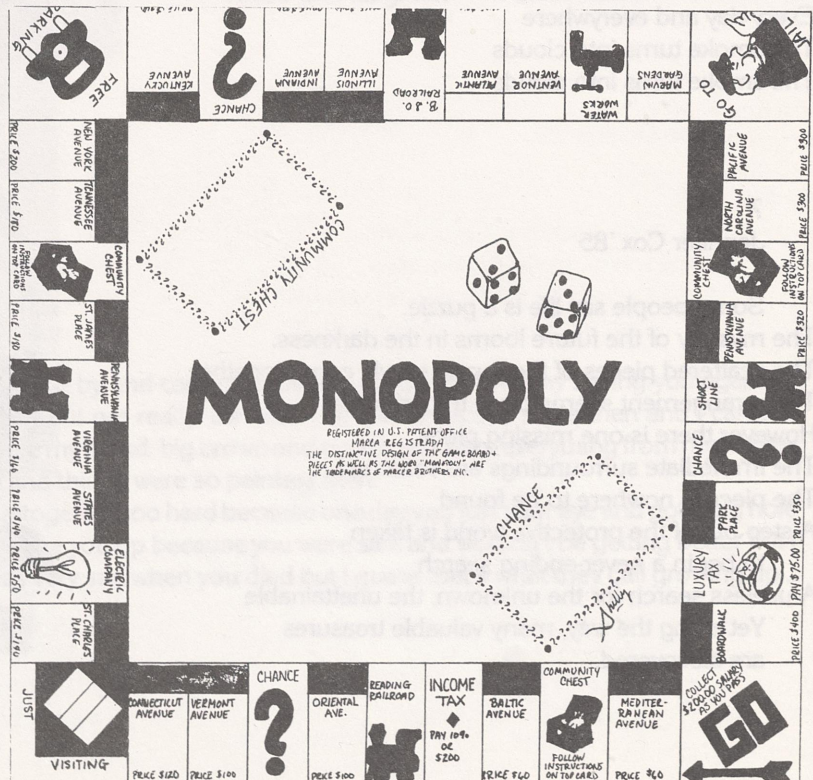
Grace Russell '87

How can one appear so happy,
so self-assured and so carefree?
When in truth, he suffers
deeply within and lives in
hidden misery.

Is it really possible for anyone to feel so utterly alone and so completely out of place

And that the pressures
of life are so heavy that
they are not worthy to face?

Man must be content with
himself and overlook strife
Then should he understand
the pleasures of life.



Shelly Martin



Valeria Armistead

MISSING YOU Debbie Good '86

I miss him more each day.
I sit and watch the time pass.
I think of old times -
The kids playing on the street.
He was my brother when I was small.
We grew up, and he became my friend, as well.
I had just talked to him last Wednesday.
We were supposed to do something soon.
He would laugh and say, "We will, I promise."
He is gone now and forever.
He will always be in my heart.
I see his face and smile in my mind.
I don't ever want to forget that.
Lord, where did he go? Can he see me?
Why did it happen? How can he leave us?
Lord, when will this dream end?
It hurts too much now.
I can't understand the hurt inside.
I've never felt this much before.
When will it go away?
I miss him, Lord, more and more each day.
I miss you, David, and will forever.

NOW AND ALWAYS Kelley Sanders '85

Memories shoot from every
direction
like bright stars of the past ...
Sadness fills my eyes
with tears that overflow —
realizing that cherished moments
do not last.
The time approaches,
the time to leave,
we must part —
our futures stand
poised on the past's eve.

Gather and bind friendships
we've known,
continue the hopes —
through these years we
have sown.
Never forget all the happy
sweetness,
cherish forever it's lasting
freshness.
Be kind to the heart that weeps
at our parting.
See through the facades of feigned
strength.
Comfort the unrest brought home —
until now;
know the deep sadness
and it's length.
Remember all this —
now and always —
so that if ever woes
creep slowly inside our spirits
and droplets of melancholy fall
desperately from our eyes,
we may realize the friends
we have —
for now and always.

Laura Lynn Molesworth '85

I try to tell you my ideas
but nothing is said.
I try to touch your hand
but nothing is felt.
I try to listen to your side
but nothing is heard.
I try to stand up
but nothing is moved.
I try to die
but nothing ever lived.

THE ART OF DANCE

Beth Mitchell '87

Power, grace, rhythm, expression
A rare sort of beauty
The union of body and mind
Bending and brushing, leaping and turning
Moving through space
Exploring, stretching, reaching
At times almost floating
Endless energy being released
Sustained, percussive, vibratory
A breathless moment suspended in time
Requiring effort and dedication
All for the sound of hands clapping
And a lifetime of inner peace.

JEALOUS

Debbie Good '86

She comes and takes you away
Is she the love in your eyes
I see your attention going to her
Why am I so jealous?

I am no longer your only girl
I am no longer alone with you
I see you touch and see the connection
Why am I so jealous?

Don't take all his love
Don't change the boy I knew
Let him still be my friend
I am so jealous.

Don't take my brother from me
We've been through more than you could know
I love him more than you could dream
I am so jealous.

You're taking him from me.
I feel you don't want me near.
Let's work together and become friends for
I am so jealous.

Katie Quillen '85

My heart is a rainbow
waiting for rain,
So it can help make things
bright once again.

LOVE TO HATE

Regina Allen '87

I watch from the outside - I watch you play.
I feel on the inside - I feel the strange day.

But the toys aren't there and I seem confused.
The boys are turned and someone's been used.

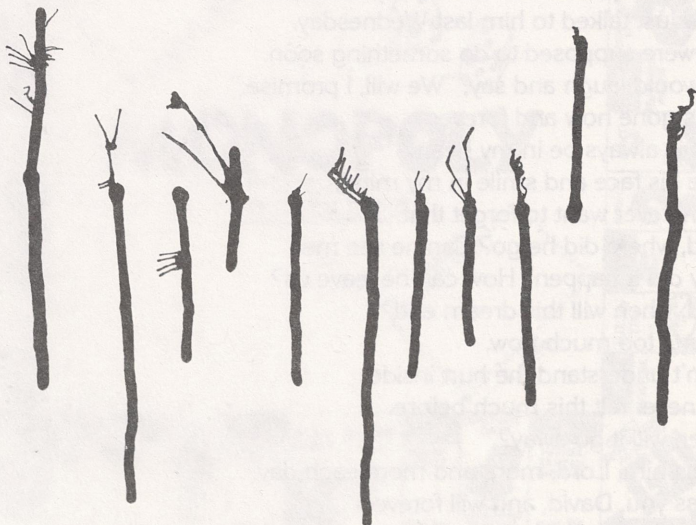
I watch from down here - I watch you speak.
I feel your breath - I feel our eyes meet.

But the words are garbled and we seem of the past.
And when the gaze has turned - you scam at last.

I watch from above - I watch you live.
I feel not my body - I feel this strong gift.

But your life is a mess and you seem confused.
And the tables are turned - but I'm not amused.

My love burns blue and I feel now your truth.
My death shines dark and you feel, now we're apart.



Darcy Bookout



Melanie Russell

A NOVEMBER NIGHT

Lindy Speight '85

Step outside - it's the kind of moonlit night that frequents dreams but rarely appears in reality. The air is sharp and crisp, and a wind blows with a chill edge that gives promise to the icy winter nights to come. The sky is colored with the darkest velvet blue, and interspersing the vast dome are clusters of bright stars, sparkling and twinkling, begging to be wished upon. The moon is round and full and starkly white against its majestic background; its light coats the landscape with an eerie glow that turns my familiar yard into a part of the worlds beyond. I hear a low droning sound - look, the red and green lights of an airplane are making their way slowly across the quiet sky. Long after the lights disappear, the almost imperceptible sound continues. Then it, too, is gone, and the night relapses into its peaceful silence. Come, let's return to our warm hearths and leave this November evening to its own sweet slumber.

CATCHING GLIMPSES

Kelley Sanders '85

The rain falls quietly outside.
It drops in a rhythm soothing
like the tide.
My mind wanders to and fro—
pacing back and forth,
searching high and low.
Catching glimpses of happiness
in the past:
Sweet friendships, sweet loves,
sweet feelings words cannot
grasp.
I think of the future;
I think of leaving —
Echoes of sentiment ring through my
very being.
Now is not but a moment
passing,
'though the heavens above
remain deep and lasting.
The present seems a windsong
blown through brass chimes.
But the sky rests above—
eternal through time.
Clouds float away and
sometimes disappear.
Streams flow full of memories—
from far and from near.
Nature nurtures her children,
however feeble or strong.
She carries their burdens—
heavy and long.
It matters not how far
we gaze with anxious eyes.
Happiness may be found easily—
if only one tries.

Jenny Loomis '86

Where are you?
Days linger on, and the memories fade,
That time, the sun of my life, you were.
Laughing, talking being with you.
The distance has grown between us
Eroded away by time,
As a river erodes its banks.
Though the miles were great
The caring we felt appeared strong enough
But not strong enough to pass the test of time.
We failed.
You and I,
All I have now is dreams to be dreamed,
About you.



Shelly Martin

CHIPPING OFF
Melanie Russell '87

You've changed, or maybe I am the one.
But something is different tonight.
We're strangers to who we were in the beginning.
Nothing seems quite right.

I look into your eyes — there's something
missing this time.
You look away.
We laugh and smile as though it's some kind
of game we play.
What is happening?

I mention this change and you sound shocked.
It's too late to change the subject.
Now there's a barrier by which we are
blocked.
I can see you, I can watch you, but no more
can we talk heart to heart.

I say I feel different than when we first met
What's going to happen? What's going on?
We don't know yet.

A week goes by;
I haven't seen you.
I call just to see what's up.
You answer my questions, but it's not
the same —

You aren't very nice to talk to.
I wonder, "Was this all worth it?"
Not to freely talk, just to be polite?
Are we no longer friends?
How still and silent can I be?
I'm sorry — what can I do to make
it once again right?

FRIEND AND BROTHER
Debbie Good '86

Our relationship is like no other.
We care for each other more than we can say.
I love you for being my friend and brother,
And I miss you more from day to day.

YOU KNOW?
Heidi Vastbinder '85

Funny -
how the audience
knows the ending
even
before the characters.

And the
characters who are
really the actors
know
before the audience.

Such a
simple gesture - the brush
of the hand in quite
pure
innocence of intent.

Thinking
maybe I think I
know what's
ahead,
when I'm unsure.

I paint
myself into a corner

bringing myself to
accept
the true reality.

Which I
already know and
they already knew
before
I really ever knew.

ON FIRE
Beth Blaufuss '88

It wells up inside me,
An almost painful feeling.
It's totally indescribable,
And yet it's such a large part of me.
I'm on fire, burning with life.
It's a flame, composed
Of all the things I've done,
Of all the things I've yet to do.
It's a yearning, a passion.
Filling me with an energy to fight
A battle against something I can't see,
Or hear, or touch, or even describe.
It's a force, never quite satisfied,
Never quite content,
But always pushing for something
Unreachable, unattainable.
It fills me with an enthusiasm
For a desperate quest for something.
I feel it when I see natural perfection,
Attained effortlessly by someone
Or something speechlessly wonderful.
And then I'm on fire,
Burning with life.

GRANDPARENTS
Beth Blaufuss '88

A runner,
Once he gains the realization
That he is going to win his race,
Begins to take his strides
With a surefooted grace,
Relaxed, but still reaching
For the best he had,
So that he can cross the finish line
Secure in the knowledge
Of his victory.

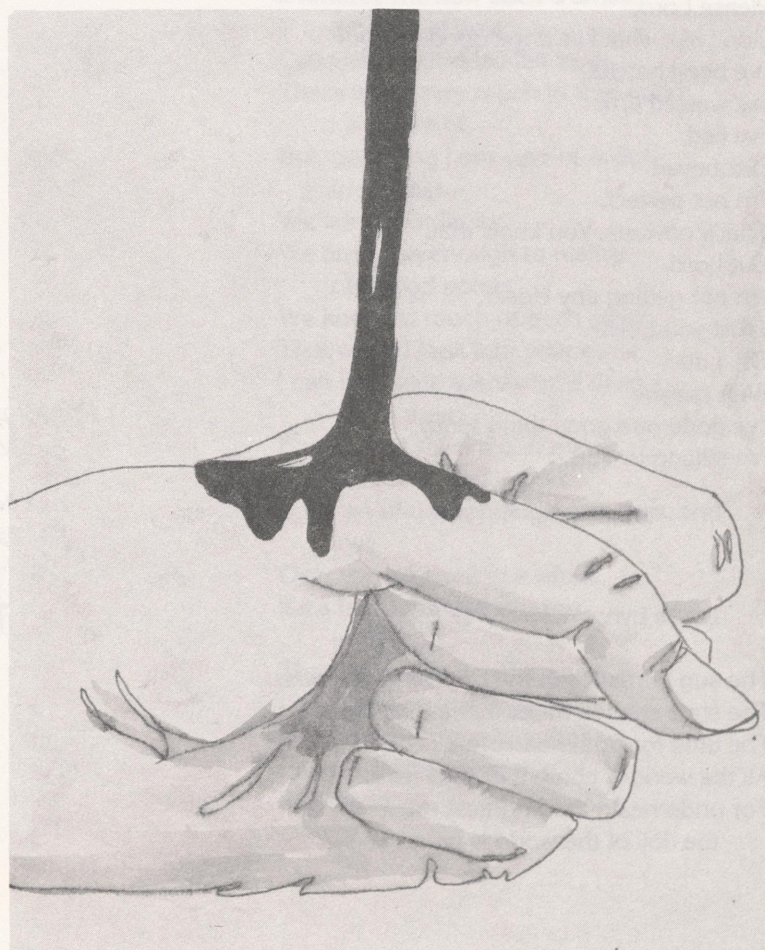
And you,
Who have run your race
The hard way,
Who have summoned the will
And the courage
To make the most of your fates,
Now enter the home stretch
With a quiet elegance,
Not stepping aside, but rather
Using your knowledge and experience
To lovingly guide those of us
Just starting our race.

Thank you for running
With dignity, grace,
And determination,
And for teaching me
The joy of looking back
On a race well run.

LAIR LIFE
Ann Braun '87

Hi ... what is that? Oh ... I need water desperately ... sit over there, Laura has to draw me ... It's the definition of reality ... Best Western? ... Shoot! I have to go up and get my chemistry book ... I just rambled on and on, He laughed when he read it ... The Study Hall is infested ... are you writing down lines? I guess so ... something different ... Cyndi Lauper! Get a job! Hey!! ... Who are you writing to? I'm sick of Madonna ... It's quick, easy, and it's the law ... Does John Taylor really have blonde hair and dye the roots brown? Does he eat Cheerios? Simon eats Cocoa Puffs! Oh, I love this song? ... Hey Regina, who's that dude who sounds like Buckwheat? ... There's nothing I can say in the Ivory Tower ... And I'm like OMIGOD! ... What do you know? I did it!, have you read any Ovid lately? ... It's a good thing Mrs. Rumsey wasn't there, she would've ... We are the world ... I like "Do They Know It's Christmas" better ... Blue! ... my teeth are shifting ... "and when the wombat comes, he will find me gone."

These are actual quotations from individuals during second period study hall, Wednesday, March 20, 1985, in the Bear Lair, Harpeth Hall School, Nashville, Tennessee, The United States of America, Planet Earth.



Susan Stevens

CHRISTMAS EVE
Lynn Robinson '88

Imagine this:
A cold winter's night,
in a distant land
a lonely soldier
comforts himself
on this solemn Christmas Eve.
The sound of bullets
tearing through the flesh
of the men around him
echoes coldly in his ears.
Longing for the warmth
of his hearth and family
he sits in his trench
closing his mind to the
painful cries which fill
the frozen night air.
An expectant bell is heard
in a town near the agony.
All is quiet.

Filled with a spirit,
the soldier rises out of
the solitary trench
consumed in blood.
He stands straight and tall,
holding his gun up
toward the starry sky.
He sings praise to
the Blessed Lord Jesus,
Clearly his strong voice
cuts through the bleak night.
In his isolation he is joined
by a man equal to himself
but on the other side.
Together their song glows
in the heart of every man.
As the song ends
a triumphant tear
strolls down his cheek

into the groove of his
slightly curled lip.
His eyes shine
like the North Star and
enlightenment gorges his soul;
he has met his brothers
as they were in the beginning.
He bows his head in
sacred prayer and then
returns to the
folly of pride.
As morning gently
satisfies the night,
the armies pull away
deserting their brothers.
And in a trench
lies a man with a
grave expression,
who gave what no man had to give.

A PRAYER
Barbara Keith Brown '85

Please Lord,
Don't ask what I've done good today.
I've been hateful,
I've wasted time,
I've lied,
Disobeyed
I'm not perfect.
That's obvious. You know that.
But Lord,
I'm not getting any closer.
Trust you Lord?
Oh, I do.
Well, maybe
I've done one good thing today,
I'm talking to You.

Laura Lynn Molesworth '85

The sun retreats into the imposing darkness;
The stars sparkle midst the falling snow;
The time for truth has come.
All the world is content in its dream:
For underneath the brightest star,
the Joy of the world is born.



Cindy Crist

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN,
Please hear my prayers - whether silent,
or aloud, whether frequent, or rare -
HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE,
Please help me to understand Your actions,
to accept them and not to question You.
ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN ...

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.
Please forgive me for the wrong I do,
and grant me the wisdom not to make the
same mistakes again.

AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES,
Please give me the patience to forgive
those who hurt me or make me mad.
AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION,
Please give me the strength to turn and
walk away from the horrible things that
I think, and say, and do.
BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM,
AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY,
Please help me to think of your wishes
and to pray to you more often.
FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.

TO LEIGH
Lindy Speight '85

The dove, too, had a purpose,
Uneasy until the floods had subsided.
When the time and the place were right
It gave a sign
Then flew to its proper home
Never to return.
So did you, when the time and place
were right,
Offer your courage as an olive branch
To those of us left behind,
And then, without a backward glance,
You let go and flew across the sea
To eternity.

What makes the colors so vivid?
Pinks and yellows laugh and giggle as
they flaunt their happiness -
The blue of the violets weep of solitude.
In passion there is red denying oppression,
in the same love there is the opaque
white of comfort and understanding.
The gray is found so gray,
yet only after the gray do I
appreciate the laughter of the pink.

REFLECTIONS
Barbara Keith Brown '85

The uncanniness of our understanding
keeps me wondering
Why we didn't know each other long
ago.
It amazes me how such a small
amount of time
Can yield such deep felt love.
There is not very much in this world
I am sure of.
But, one thing I am sure of is our
friendship.
We admit our faults.
We are open enough to realize
our good points.
We know so much of each other
That when I look into your eyes,
I can see mine somewhere deep
within them.
For you are reflected in me,
And I am reflected in you.
Such an understanding, closeness, and
love
Only comes once in a while.
It's a feeling of security in
knowing ...
That no matter how far apart
our lives may drift -
Our hearts remain together,
Locked in this friendship of
Reflection.

BIG DEAL
Carol Cavin '86

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
Jack jump over the candlestick!
What does this mean?
Who gives a care?
Anyone can do that.
It's not very rare!
Any kid in his right state of mind
can jump over and leave a candle behind.
So why, may I ask in a tone so grim,
Does this little jerk have a rhyme about him?"

A STUPID LIMERICK
Carol Cavin '86

A man who thinks he's a poet
Decides to try and show it.
He writes some good lines
That are better than mine
Because the last line of his poems always seems to fit in.



Laura Matter

FANTASY IN MOOD
Regina Allen '87 and
Laura Matter '87

Sighing under the Monday moon
Leaning on a bon-bon,
Lifting his face to the Tuesday stars
Beaming for those who're long gone,

The winds change but the waves still pound;
The waves change but the wind is sound.
So now he thinks this life a wonder,
And nature shifts her mood.

Standing by the seaside,
Tasting yams galore,
Wading in the Wednesday shallows
Wasting time before,

The sun dims but the stars are out;
The stars dim but the sun still shouts.
So now he believes his life a wonder,
And nature shifts her mood.

Nestled with crickets in strawberry fields
Reaching to dance with the stars,
Suspended with fireflies in Thursday's twilight
Trying to bend the bars,

The color is dim but the light is still coming
The light has stopped but the color's not slowing.
So now he thinks this life a wonder,
And nature shifts her mood.

Frolicking over the morning Aurora
Sliding down yellow horizons,
Thinking Friday a strange phenomenon
hiding in colorful time zones.

The fruit's unripe but the rain's still going;
The rain has stopped but the fruit is still growing
So now he believes this life a wonder,
And nature shifts her mood.

Rejoicing reflected Bohemian pools
Twirling a nymph lusting for more,
breathing the heather lavender-blue
They laugh the Sunday wind-blown moor.

Life will cease but the universe goes on;
The universe will cease but life isn't gone.
So they think this life a wonder,
And above the Father smiles.

Katie Quillen '85

Each time that a scar is touched,
the pain from the wound
can still be felt.

MONDAY MORNING

Laura Matter '87

Alarm shatter the silence,
She strikes it, longing to continue
her retreat in this world of slumber,
A world of tranquility and dreams.
Conflict is kindled within her.
Obligation takes a grip on desire and holds it
Until desire lies powerless.
She reaches for the light but reject it.
Cringing, she wishes in vain
Never to be withdrawn from her
rendezvous with Morpheus.
She finally forces herself up;
She knows she must face reality.

HEATHER, THE STATION IS IN

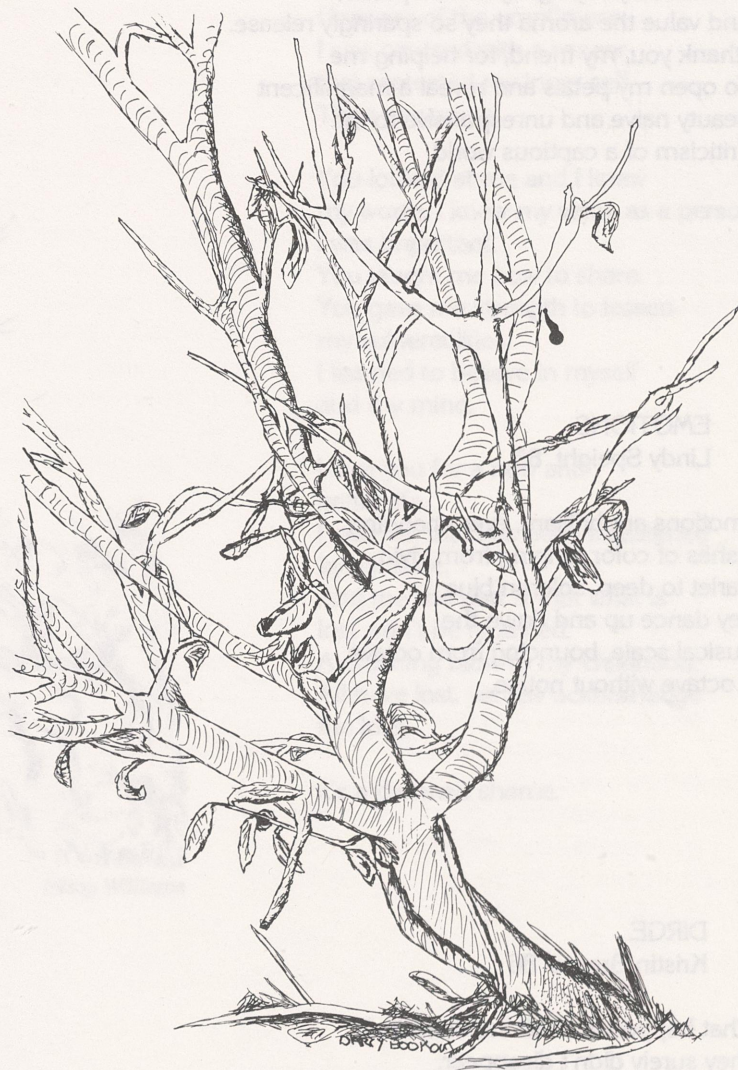
Regina Allen '87

The green lines contour her figure,
and the darker holes reveal her flaws.
Chestnut hair wraps her shoulders,
and the darker eyes withhold her thought.
Faded denim is vertically slashed to expose
black leather kissing the curves
of her ears — Heather, the station is in.
Bright rays shoot the earth,
and a brighter sun is dying.
Strong feet dance across the world,
and a stranger will in winning.
Flashy silk is horizontally slit
to expose fair skin hugging the curves
of her body — Heather, the station is in.

SPACE ... THE FINAL FRONTIER

Ann Braun '87

Captain Kirk eyes the situation. How can he elude his captors? A beautiful woman is one of his enemies. He fixes his green eyes on her, and she takes the bait. He kisses her a few times and will break her heart, but only after she has helped him escape. Even Mr. Spock has been known to do the same (without the green eyes). Years have passed since "Star Trek" went off the air. Times have changed. So we think. So they say. Women are no longer used in this way. Are they?



Darcy Bookout

by Shelly Martin '86

You know me as the tightly closed bud so
Falsely ornamented with gaudy colors
To attract the attention and admiration of others,
opening my petals only wide enough to
Expose my depths to every few skeptical peers.
You know both the faults and the treasure
Enclosed by my tightly closed petals,
And value the aroma they so sparingly release.
I thank you, my friend, for helping me
To open my petals and reveal a magnificent
Beauty naive and unresponsive to the
Criticism of a captious world.

EMOTIONS

Lindy Speight '85

Emotions are brilliant, ever changing
flashes of color ranging from vivid
scarlet to deep, solemn blue ...
they dance up and down the
musical scale, bouncing from octave
to octave without notice.

DIRGE

Kristin Breuss '86

What happened to all the daffodils?
They surely didn't disappear,
They must have faded out of that painting
Which depicts life as something dear.

What happened to all the daisies?
Bright yellow — heralding spring
Did he forget life's potential beauty
When he went through with that horrible thing?

And what about the dandelions?
Dotting pastures with yellow and green;
Were his eyes so tuned to concealing
That he failed to remember these?

Now all one can see are the roses
The carnations in the floral arrangements
Adorning the marble stone altar
And witnessing his world's derangement.

LAST LINES TO MY GIRLS

Sarah Frost Stamps

Farewell, fair ladies, and goodbye!

May you "fare well" in all your ways,
Whatever trails you choose to try,
And "God be with you" all your days.

So, farewell and goodbye.

Love Always, Sarah Frost Stamps

TEDDY'S LAST STAND

Heidi Vastbinder '85

And there you are in the corner
the lone survivor
of a war I waged within.

Unassuming, yet you bear
the air of some magistrate or prince
contemplating with glassy glance.

Your faded bow —
the tie that precariously binds
the present of now the present behind.

But then, it's not present, if it's past —
it's past, but the bow doesn't know
and holds fast.

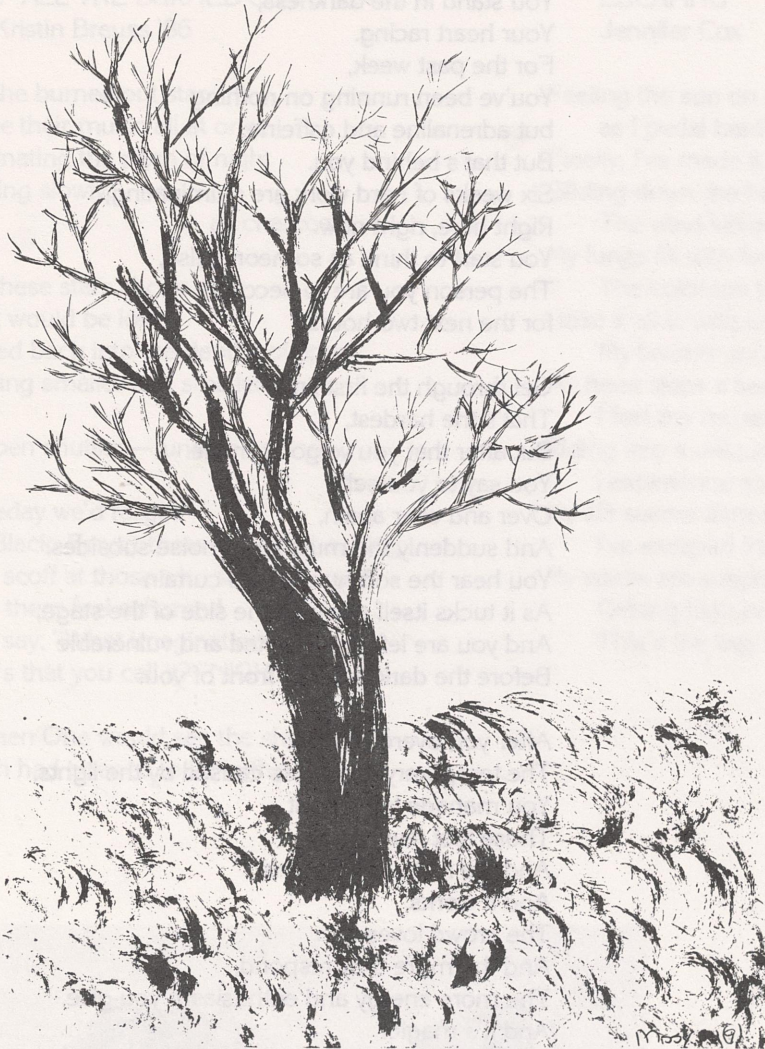
But how long will you last?
with your threadbare grasp?
You emblem of me hung in effigy.

Suspended between two points —
of arrival and destination
by that once grand ribbon
That weakens day by birthday.
Painfully I'm conscious of the balance as it sways.

And the question remains
How long can your brain of stuffing
Suffice under the consistent strain?

Or are you exempt
From the struggle to change
Having earned your keep in battles prearranged?

And thus you sit - not forgotten
Though far from remembered enough
Having earned each hole in your once grand ribbon.



Missy Williams

STORM

Cecelia Wong '86

Outside a March rainstorm threatened whoever cared to listen. It didn't seem to know that no one took rainstorms in March seriously. Inside The Boy played. She had loved The Boy before anyone knew who he was and continued to love him after no one cared who he was. It wasn't him, as everyone had teased her; it was his music. The music had helped her through some rough times and seemed to have heard her when no one else could. Pepperoni pizza lay half-eaten on the table. She both hated and adored pizza because it was the stuff she indulged upon when depressed but it also made her fat. The cheese was still gooey but was rapidly getting cold and stiff. Two of her favorites rested together, a book at the foot of the loveseat. She identified well with the book, and the loveseat had seen her through lots of tears. She was a contrary sort of person, full of idiosyncrosies and contradictions but most of all, principles. Lately she had had something to say, something worth hearing, but they wouldn't listen. She had tried acting like an adult: she spoke politely and reasonably and always listened to what they had to say, but they wouldn't listen. She then tried speaking a little louder, and still, they wouldn't listen. She wrote letters and more letters; they wouldn't listen. So she tried crying, shouting, even pleading, but they wouldn't listen. Now there remained the greatest noise of all — no noise — no polite entreaties, no letters, no cries, shouts, or pleas, and no her.

The thunder shrieked outside. A tremendous crash and the ancient oak came roaring down ... This March storm showed them.

TO THE TEACHERS

Ann Braun '87

I was a shell of myself,
Unaware of the emptiness,
I was covered with a veneer
that protected my inner self,
Then you came.

You looked at me and I knew
my worth, I knew my value as a person,
I was important.
You taught me how to share.
You gave me strength to lessen
my vulneratilities.
I learned to believe in myself
and my mind.

I owe you for a new and
better life,
However, that has been threatened
by injustice,
And the sad part is that what is
lost won't be regained.
A crushing blow to my childhood,
All have lost, yet few acknowledge
the loss.

It's a damned shame.

TO MY LOVE
Kelley Sanders '85

The road to my heart
is travelled frequently,
but you are the person
who remains through the days.
The pathways are not always
an easy journey,
but you are the love that smoothes
the rough ways.
You open many doors
and soothe my soul.
You bring in the warmth
and keep out the cold.
You hold my heart as
tenderly as your own
and enrich my life
like nothing else I know.

SHADOW
Laura Lynn Molesworth '85

Fixing my eyes upon an object
I try to discern whether it is
black or white.
I reach out to touch it
only to make it disappear,
catching sight of it for a fleeting moment.
I ponder the meaning of its existence.
I extend the boundaries of
my unlimited imagination
Finally, resting on the theory
of a dying evolution.

A TOAST TO FRIENDS
Alison Gower '88

To friends, whoever they are,
Now they're scattered near and far.
Let's remember them with a sip and a drink,
And remember the love that's making us think.
We've gone through a lot
So we keep them close to our heart.
So let's remember them
With smiles and laughter
And if we can't —
Better to remember them not at all.

OPENING NIGHT JITTERS
Beth Blaufuss '88

You stand in the darkness,
Your heart racing.
For the past week,
You've been running on nothing
but adrenaline and caffeine,
But that's behind you.
Six weeks of hard work are culminating,
Right here, right now.
You start to think as someone else,
The person you are to become
for the next two hours.

Get through the first line.
That's the hardest,
But after that you've got it made.
You say to yourself,
Over and over again,
And suddenly the murmur of noise subsides.
You hear the soft hum of the curtain
As it tucks itself away on the side of the stage,
And you are left unprotected and vulnerable
Before the dark mass in front of you.

After you overcome
The temporary blindness caused by the lights,
You manage to spit out
Those first few words.
And the rest just happens.
And it works.
The crowd loves it,
And the more they respond,
The more energy and enthusiasm you give.
And it's magic.
Sweet, indescribable, pure magic.

The curtain calls rush by,
And you are surrounded by friends,
And hugs, and flowers,
And dozens of thank-you's.

You sit at the mirror,
Pulling off your make-up.
Gently you return your costume to its hanger,
And slide back into your real-world self.

But something remains,
In that smile inside you,
The glowing feeling that
You made magic.
Sweet, indescribable, pure magic.

IF ALL THE BURNED-OUT STARS...
Kristin Breuss '86

If all the burned-out stars
Shone their music all at once
Illuminating the pitch of night
Lighting slowly...

as charcoal

If all these stars shone
Night would be lost;
Pushed back into the depths of space
Growing smaller and smaller

An open shutter — unable to close.

Someday we'd forget
The Black, Forget there was such a thing;
We'd scoff at those who said there was—
Make them feel ashamed.
We'd say, "What imagination!
What's that you call it? "NIGHT?!"

But then One would see the shutter
Which had opened to let in the light ...

ESCAPING
Jennifer Cox

Feeling the sun on my face
as I pedal harder, faster ... Come on! Almost there -
Finally, I've made it to the top
Gliding down the hill I gain momentum
The wind whips my body, my hair, my eyes -
My lungs fill with fresh air as I enjoy my reward
The colossus trees, the fresh green grass, the fluffy white clouds
I take it all in with wonder and excitement
My favorite song comes on my little Walkman
My heart skips a beat
I feel my muscles respond with more energy
Riding into a unique, multi-colored sunset
I experience an incredible sense of well being
My life seems almost perfect at this moment
I've escaped into my own little world
My spirits are soaring with the breeze
Getting high on life ...
That's the way it should always be

UNPREDICTABILITY
Melanie Russell '87

Sailing along, the boat slips quietly
through the water.
Smooth, clear, placid is the water ...
The sails whip softly in the breeze.
All is calm.

Suddenly, a powerful gust rips the boat.
Jerked forward, it speeds faster and faster.
The wind streaks through hair;
Eyes squint against the force.
Drops of water, then streams lash upon the
passengers.
The boat creaks as it lurches forward.
The front cuts into the waves as it dips
sharply.
Out of control, the boat flings its passengers
into the frigid water.
The boat is sideways, its mast and sail —
its heart and life — sink under water.

Sputtering, shocked, the people laugh at the
surprise of it all.
Helping one another and the sailboat
Everything returns to normal.
Once again, the sails whip silently as
the boat crosses the lake again before
returning to the dock.



Arwen Staros

THE FOURTH DIMENSION (Emotions in the Heart) THE THIRD DIMENSION

Regina Allen '87

1st dimension - hate

2nd dimension - friendship

3rd dimension - touch

4th dimension - love

My fingers try to clutch the golden shimmer; the drowsiness smothers my mind, and my creativity is dulled. The distorted mask shellacked in goodness stares coldly from the peach plane; the light highlights the peaks and casts the evil shadow. To my right, I feel the rhythm of the drums, but the lines pass over me. Unaffected, I tune the music out. From between the dusty white wood, a solitary white light shines through leaving a green hue; It's black all around. I study the photos and try to remember the special occasions which seem not so special now that I've entered the Third Dimension. Everything computes slowly; the moods swing like pendulums marking off the emotions. I wonder why I'm in this Third Dimension. I didn't go by choice - or any choice of my own. A few of my friends have passed through before and on to the Fourth, but the confusion and pain is maddening. No one knows what makes the strange mind of a homo sapien choose whom it does. I didn't even realize it had happened - the scenery was the usual - until the touch of a hand sent the realization shooting from the nerves of my fingertips through every limb. Then things changed. I noticed the difference. At first, I was numb with shock, but gradually, as my mind began to regain its feeling, I grew accustomed to this new environment. Time passed quickly; what seems a minute was an hour and the stars brightened every second. I wondered many times why I had been chosen, but I learned to accept it: what will be will be. I had met my first transporter. Each person only has a several few - and even fewer who will send you onto the Fourth dimension. I thrive on a natural high waiting for another message from my transporter, enjoying the extras and cringing from the possibilities. Rejection haunts my consciousness. What if my person doesn't respond? Then, I would return to my former state of dull existence trying to forget my fantasies of the former. Everything I start involves a certain thought, and though I hear often others maul my person, I don't doubt my transporter: I felt it that second and it rarely lies. I still can't remember the special occasion which seems unimportant now. When my eyelashes meet, there still is the lingering image of my person's face - it comforts me while I'm suspended in the Third Dimension awaiting my transporter.



Melanie Russell

ALWAYS

Molly Reynolds '87

Your mother is very sick
- I know this -
I'm here with you now - but what can I say to you?
What soothing words can I possibly come up
with to help you ease your pain?

I try to put myself in your situation -
- My mother dying and me watching her -
What would I want to hear?
What could ease my pain?

I sit back now and study your face as you
stare at the foamy ocean waters.
I see your suffering.
I want to help you - to reach out to you.
My mind churns - constantly in search for an
Answer which might bring some peace.

I find none.
I only find more unanswered questions.
- How can this happen? -- Why her?
--- It's all so unfair!
I try to offer a few words
-- "You'll be alright. Everything will be okay...
...You'll see."

Your eyes become misty, but still they stare.
Frustrated with my answer
I join your stare.
I feel that I've failed you -
One of my closest friends and I can
hardly even comfort you.

I know you better than almost anyone
- Why can I not find the soothing words? -
I want to help you.
I hate seeing you go through this.
-- Dear Lord, please help me find the word!-

I sit back and take another look at you.
Feeling like a speechless fool,
I close my eyes.
Still searching
Still hoping for the perfect words.
But until I find them -
Always remember how much I love you
And that I'll always be here for you
- Always

MY FRIEND

Debbie Good '86

She taught me all about life.
She showed me love through Christ.
She helped me grow inside and out.
She was my friend.

She was there when I needed her.
She helped me through that hard part of life.
I loved her more than anyone.
She was my friend.

One day she had to move back home.
We would miss each other,
But we knew we would see each other again.
She was my friend.

It's two years later and not a word.
I have not seen her since.
I don't know where she is.
She was my friend.

I called a friend of hers the other day.
She said my friend was not living in Dallas.
She came in town a month ago, but left no word.
She was my friend.

Why do friends hurt so much?
I loved her, Lord, and she brought me to you,
And now I'm slipping away.
She was my friend.

Come save me friend; I need you now.
I'm falling far away.
I love you friend and always will
Even till the end.



Shelly Martin

WAR VS. PEACE:
THE DESPARATE BATTLE OF THE YOUNG

Regina Allen '87

Blue lines blind my vision; they're killing
us again.

White hands slash in my memory; black
faces clash in their mutiny.

Black and White come together and baby
blue cries.

The blue and yellow acquired the will to hue
together

When the young touched and blended
into brilliant green.

It's only the young who realize the obvious:
We are the ones who scream.

ONE ANSWER
Carol Cavin '86

There are times that I struggle
With the questions of existence
And times that I ask
"What's the use of persistence?"
I don't understand why
You always forgive.
I don't understand how
A prayer I'm to live.
But I thank you for saying,
When I question you so
"Be still - I am God."
Your love overflows!

SURRENDER
Heidi Vastbinder '85

Fingers lengthen
Extend to strengthen
and prolong the grasp.

Years of gripping
gently slip
Into rest of eternity.

And I condemned
am bound to
a quest for triviality.

Always to ask
Did I let go
or just collapse?

LEAVING
Debbie Good '86

The emptiness
leaving memories
it hurts

The fear
starting over
it's scary

The discovery
of new faces
it's exciting

Leaving
it's all part
of God's plan.

Laura Lynn Molesworth '85

Life — a short trip —
expanded by dreams and achievements
Crushed — by nightmares and failures.

Death — an endless trip —
void of hope, vacant
area everywhere, one
voyage forward - a
supernatural extension of oneself.



Andrea Carter

LAWSON
Sarah Stamps

I loved a little boy not long ago.
He leaned his head against me when I read,
And shared his secrets in a whisper so
Sonorous we all heard what he said.
He laughed so hard he fell to the floor to rest.
He held his breath to peek at a bird on her nest.

I saw a lot of him, for we were neighbors.

I loved a growing boy I saw each day
As he joined the bigger boys sturdily
In all their toughest games and roughest play.
We seldom talked, but it seemed to me
I caught a special smile when I passed by -
Whether he had caught or missed that fly.

Everyone liked him. I was proud we were neighbors.

I loved a tall and handsome college man
Who'd whiz into our lives for a long weekend.
When they heard his car, the dogs all ran
To greet him as their special, long-lost friend.
The valley filled with youth and cars for a while;
We waved as he passed with his radiant smile.

It warmed my heart that he was still my neighbor.

I love a man who's now forever young.
I loved him all his life, for life is gone -
But not the love. Tenaciously love clung
To life. Triumphant, it still lives on.
The lilt of voice, the brightness of his face
Will live in countless hearts that knew their grace.

Eternity seems very near. It's where my neighbor lives.

ODE TO A COLLEGE APPLICANT
Shelly Martin '86

Beneath piles of forms and applications,
Pens, pencils and recommendations,
Notebooks, Cliff notes and character summation,
Dirty socks, kilts and course verifications,
Coffee mugs, caffeine pills and SAT limitations
Dwells the bleary-eyed college hopeful.

DON'T EVER FORGET ME
Molly Reynolds '87

I knew this would happen
I knew you'd have to go
You are too good to be true
One of the best things to ever happen to me
But if you must go
Don't ever forget me.

Everything we've shared
I've come to know you better than anyone
You mean the world to me.
I'll miss you more than anything
What will I do without you?
But if you must go
Don't ever forget me.

You're going
And you're taking a part of me with you.
You've left a gap that can never be filled.
I don't want to fill it
Saying goodbye to you will be one of
the hardest things I've ever
had to say
But if you must go, remember

I'll never forget you.

ASPIRING STAR
Leah Altemeier '87

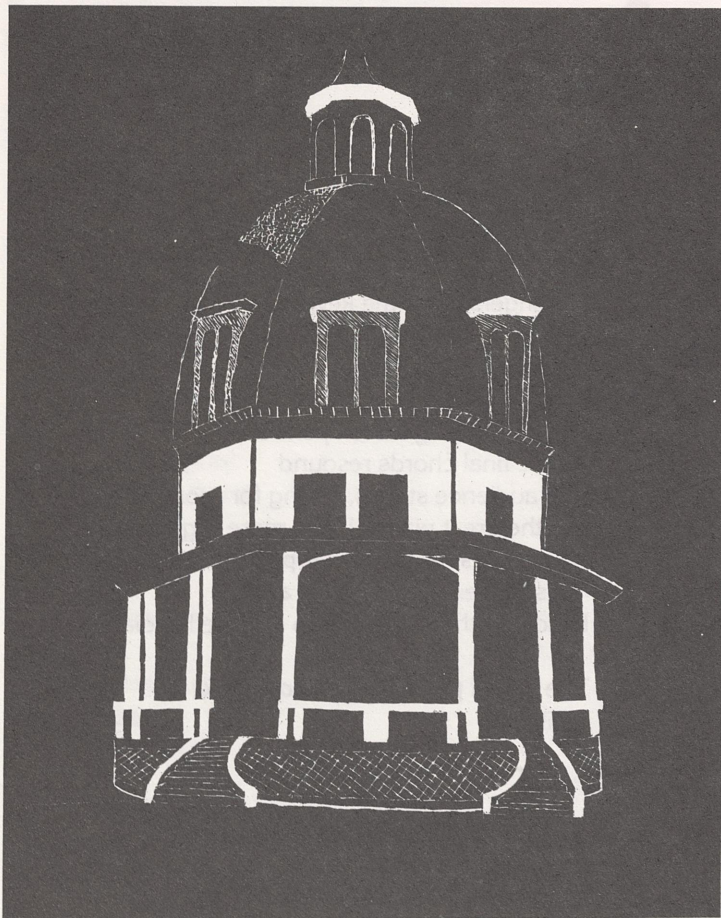
His fingers tickle the keyboard
Touching the finely tuned instrument
He fulfills Beethoven's greatest hopes
In his symphonies.
Not a note strays from perfection
As the final chords resound
The audience stands, asking for more.
But the great pianist has a more urgent obligation.
He watches his mother approach
"Hi sweetie." She lifts him and
heads for the bathroom to change his diaper.

The Mattel play piano stands alone,
Waiting

THE GLOVE

Laura Francis '87

The lull of its roar cannot be replaced
 As I look out to sea,
 The picture slowly fades like a disappearing ring
 formed by the tip of a frog's toe as he slips off
 his lily pad.
 My mind has wandered past the shore, deep into
 the marine-blue waters of the sea.
 There I discover a frayed, thin rope covered
 with age-old barnacles.
 Tied by a pinkie finger to the bottom of the
 rope is a long, white glove.
 But how did it get there?
 I can only think that maiden, vainly
 trying to climb the rope,
 Slipped —
 Then disappeared into the depths as a lovely
 mermaid.
 Should I try on the glove?
 No, I'll merely untie it and take it home as
 a souvenir...
 Home, back from the beach, I gaze again at
 the long, white glove.
 Maybe next year I will try it on and be
 swept away by its true meaning —
 But not today.



Darcy Bookout

THE JOURNEY

Barbara Keith Brown '85

We began this journey
 Unknowing, frightened
 We struggled to establish
 Our "identity"
 We did.
 Our friendships developed,
 We grew together,
 And continued our journey.
 Always smiles for each other
 Understanding, love ...
 We've encouraged in hard times,
 No journey is complete
 Without them.
 We are a blessed group
 Some of the luckiest people in the world—
 Our spirit reflects them.
 Now as we end our journey
 Victorious on our day of glory,
 We realize
 That we've just begun.
 We laugh, we cry, we sing,
 The commencement, yet—
 The beginning.

SOMETIMES ...

Jennifer Cox '85

I find myself wishing for tomorrow
 Wanting today to pass as soon as possible ...
 It makes me sad when I catch myself doing
 this, because I don't want to live my life in
 the future.

It is my hope that each new day
 will be special in a certain way
 and I will enjoy
 my limited time in this world
 with a new joy and appreciation
 and quit worrying about
 tomorrow.

DECISIONS

Katie Quillen '85

Decisions. Decisions - what do I do?
 Do I say it? Do I not? I'm caught in a zoo
 of mixed feelings, emotions - an
 unending wound knot, pulled tighter
 and tighter 'till I think I might pop!
 Slow down. Wait a minute.
 Let the knot unwind.
 Things will work themselves out -
 just give them time!

NO TRAFFIC JAM

Carol Cavin '86

The light flashes in my eyes,
And it's hard to shade.
A green signal tells me
That it's time to turn.
The tape deck is blasting
In that red convertible,
But it doesn't bother me.
I know where I'm going
And can't wait to get there.

Debbie Good '86

It grows and brings warmth
It touches a heart and cures its pain
It brings joy to the face of everyone
It is love and the feeling is with me.

Debbie Good '86

I start in the eye
I build up until I move to the corner
I fall down to the nose
On the cheek
Then off the face
I am a tear.

SCYLLA'S FATE

Rachel Frey '87

As the fisherman's catch was laid upon the grass
Shades of pink, purple and gold glowed on the horizon
And as the magnificent steeds of Apollo's chariot passed
The tide slipped in and out; the sun set crimson.
The fisherman with salt crystals in his hair,
His back burned brown by the heat of Apollo's flame,
Cleaned his lines with caloused hands 'though bare.
By trade a simple fisherman and Glaucus was his name.
Then as the fish were counted one by one
He saw them start to wriggle and to stir.
He watched them to the water until there were none
And wondered at the grass on which they were
Grasped between his fingers the green blades shone
And of the strange plant ravenously he ate.
Of him a desire for the sea took possession;
Glaucus leaped into the water where the sea gods did wait.
Rushing to the place where Glaucus swam
One hundred rivers poured their waters on him.
Ocean and Tethys purged his mortal man
And changed his legs to a strong and graceful fin.
Glaucus dwelled as a sea-god beneath the blue
But one day rising from the clear green depths
A lovely nymph called Scylla did he woo.
His heart was his only offering she kept.
Scylla fled from him and to his sight was lost.
In despair he sought the help of an enchantress.
He longed to have Scylla's love at any cost,
And paid no heed to all of Circe's loveliness.
Enraged by envy Circe made an evil poison
And carried her vial to the bay where Scylla bathed.
She poured the baleful liquid as cooks pour seasons,
And as Scylla entered a scornful screech she gave.
Scylla's body rooted to the stone
And beastly forms from her figure grew.
In hateful misery she stands by the sea - alone
Her perilous grasp is feared by each ship's crew.



Susan Stevens



Meredith Harris

Jenny Loomis '86

The sand held for a brief moment,
Our initials encircled by a heart.
Then the greedy tide of reality rose,
And slowly they faded into the waves.

Songs reminisce
love fades in and out,
You, your name, became a part of my thoughts
But as the days madly blend together
So do the memories
Gone forever.
The way all good things do
Waiting to be replaced by new.
There are none.
When you left, so did a part of me,
Never fully to return.
All we have is blended memories of a happiness
that fades with time.

Robyn Growdon '88

I'm tired
I'm tired you see!
I'm so tired of being me!
Silly and stupid and shy
I can be such an idiot
I always seem to open
My mouth at the wrong moment
And once my mouth is opened!
Good Luck!

I want something
different to be ...
Something glittery
Like a detective on T.V.

But I'm stuck
with this body, this
hair, and this face
I'll try to use it
To God's Almighty Grace,
Dress it up in a bit of lace
But maybe, that's
what I've been doing wrong.

The real me is different you see...
The real me is different
from me

The one who is not trying to be witty
or brassy
or prissy

The one without the dress up
the school clothes
the makeup
the real me who wears
sweatpants and jeans

The real me who when a wasp
is around screams.

The real me who would like
to go and play
and be a kid ... for one
more day
who walks back into the
farm trees, crawls up
one and reads.

The me who likes to
dance under the moon
with the stars and trees
who grew up so soon

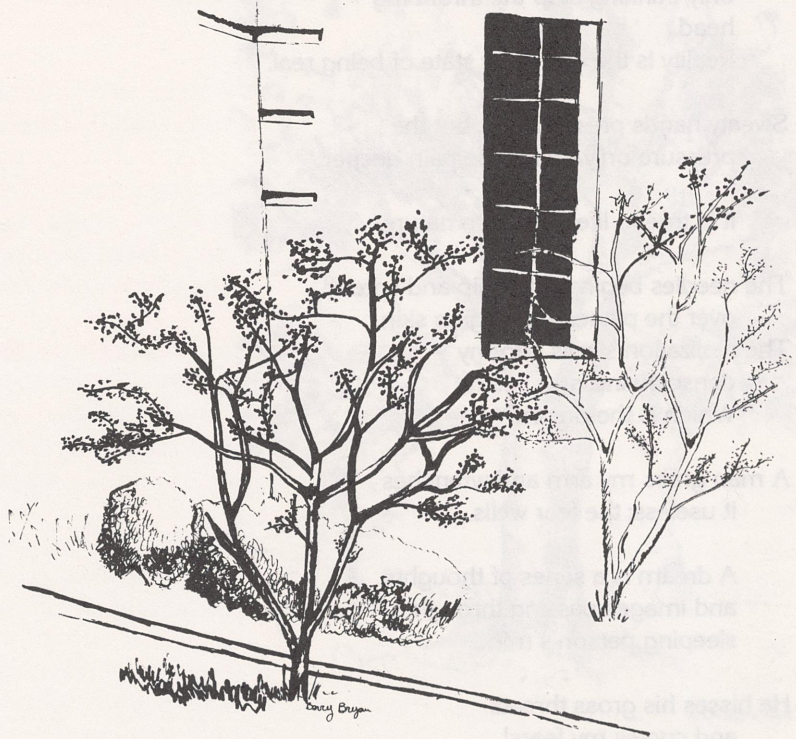
I may be eccentric,
eat too much ice cream,
the the real
one I like
who no one knows
because of the masks
I'm forced to wear.

I'm tired of me
I want to be
The real one
I only wish ...
Someone else knew
The real me too.

TO MY FRIENDS

Barbara Keith Brown '85

I have no words left to express
 My thanks to you, my friends.
 Your unfailing love has guided me
 Through the years.
 Where has the time gone?
 Weren't we freshmen just yesterday?
 But, we have cleared our path ...
 We leave some of our best parts behind.
 We began as many;
 We finish as one
 Complete, whole, yet separate and different.
 We reflect each others' likenesses.
 Our relationships and bonds have grown
 Through the uniqueness we share.
 Thank you for everything that
 is unspeakable.
 Thank you that we may say
 these were the best years.
 I love you.



Berry Bryan

NEVER FORGET

Kelley Sanders '85

Promise me, promise me
 cherish my love dearly
 Gather my hopes and hold them up clearly.
 The threads are so taut ...
 Each color so rare
 All that I have —
 every thought that I bare.

Our paths have crossed
 to bear a unique fruit —
 Growing through each moment that passes.
 Stronger and stronger
 It grows with time.,
 It finds nourishment through us
 to be someday sublime.

Guard our memories with
 the promise never to forget—
 The time that we have held
 since the moment we met.
 Be the angel that you are, my love,
 and tend the flower's fire
 Have strength to overcome winds of struggle
 without tire.

MORNING

Heidi Vastbinder '86

Sheer, gray light oozes into the room. Morning.
 The dull white comforter made dingier in the smoky flood.
 The white curtains etched with the pewter presence that
 cascades over the sash and bathes the room. Funny — aren't
 you supposed to think more clearly in the morning? A
 tear meanders down my cheek and finds itself lost in the
 ultimate folds of the pillowcase. Soon more come to mourn the
 loss of their friend and find similar fates. Morning. And
 my mind is preoccupied already. Teardrops - insignificant -
 and I personify them. The brine burns my eyes - christened
 with the night before. Strange, the water and the light
 fuse making perfect stars with iridescent tails if I close
 my eye just enough ... just enough - not too much - or the
 stars disappear. Not enough and the stars have no tails.
 Just enough, though ... Ceaseless wandering and longing -
 longing not to wander so long.

The gray creeps onward. It steals through me -
 chilling, haunting, denying promises. Night is for
 promises - for dreams - morning with its awful reality
 penetrating my being. Morning. Subtle screams from the
 window that things never change. Morning, the bleak
 intruder slipping through the window - the inevitable
 loophole in my defenses. Six A.M. dilemma - should
 I close the curtains ... or the issue?

THE SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET

Regina Allen '87

My hands grope for the pounding
only thinking stop the throbbing
head.
Reality is the quality or state of being real.

Sweaty hands press harder, but the
pressure only forces the pain deeper.

It is true to life, fidelity to nature.

The needles begin on the hip and spread
over the planes of cringing skin.

The realization slams into my
consciousness — I start,
Which is the dream?

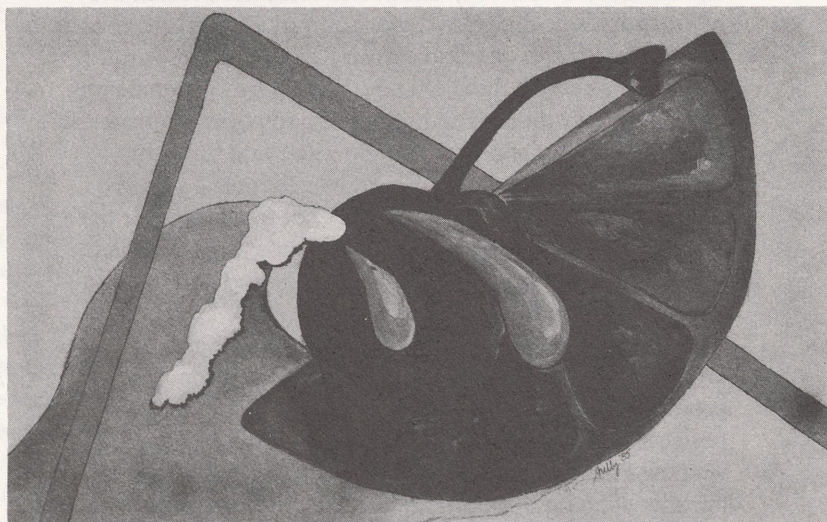
A man grabs my arm and wrenches
it useless; the fear wells.

A dream is a series of thoughts
and images passing through a
sleeping person's mind.

He hisses his gross threats
and curses my fears!

A vision or reverie of the conscious mind.

I cry and wait for the realization,
it never comes - I start,
but it isn't a dream.



Shelly Martin

THE DEATH

Ann Braun '87

It ended.

She rose onto her knees,
Lifted her hands to the sky,
Closed her eyes,
And started to cry.

"Why, God? Why?"
Her cheeks started to fade,
"Is this what I get
For the promises I've made?"

"I loved him so,
And you didn't care,
I prayed for him, God!
It's just not fair!"

She finished her outburst
And her grief came to an end,
As she pushed closed the eyelids
Of her lost loved friend.

She kissed his cheek,
And folded his hands,
Then wandered slowly out,
Onto the lonely sands.

Mary Lee McInnis '88

Take a total stranger
Make them a friend.
Talk and try to feel an emotion for them
Try to remember how
You saw them at first.
It's not the same is it?
You never thought they
Could care and be so complex ...
They aren't so shallow after all -
yet you wish - now -
they were a stranger
once again.

Debbie Good '86

Pain
growing, grinding
biting, stabbing
It doesn't leave
It feels as if it stays forever.
Make it leave
It's hurting my body
I'm wilting away
Someone please help me

PLEUVOIR A VERSE

Arwen Staros '86

Eight o'clock at two in the afternoon,
Street lights snap on, lighting flooded streets.
I run from room to room
Slamming down windows.
Rain whips my cheek.
I shut my eyes, but still the lightning.

Water pours down from gutters,
Flows across the lawn.
For one eternal
second
The room is drowned in blackness.
Then the light reappears.

Through the glass the creek rages.
A speck of yellow surfaces, disappears,
Drowns.
A toy
Abandoned in the sunlight,
Forgotten in the storm.

The television catches my eye.
Frames rolling in the snow.
Like cellophane,
Like a crumpling car.
Surely we are hit.

I stare into the artificial light.
The rain on the window is unbearably loud.
Heart booming,
Can't breathe,
I'm frozen here,
Feeling the darkness and smelling my tears.

Wind whistles and becomes a train
Charging through the clouds to find the sun.
Thunder moves off.
With the train.
The wind follows.
Heavy drops soothe roof and garden.

Now it is only seven o'clock
Or even six-thirty.
Soon the street lights
Will drift
Back to sleep
To await their appointed hour.



Cindy Crist

AUTUMN

Leah Altemeier '87

My white elephant
The dying of the vibrant reality,
Leaving only the stale memories
The dying of the warmth, the fun, the nonchalance.
Nature's summer beauty disintegrates
Crinkling up like a dead leaf
Autumn is the end of a carefree world
The end of freedom
The end of life.

FRAGMENTS: YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW

Cecelia Wong '86

Second grade. Pigtales, no front teeth.
You. My buddy, a big brother.
Me. Your friend, the kid next door.
...Away...
Eight years. Separate people, separate ways.
You. A stranger, no good-byes.
Me. A piece apart, together.
...Always...

GROWING UP
Molly Reynolds '87

Oh little girl, you want to grow
You want to know the world I know.
But listen carefully to what I was told
Don't rush yourself into becoming old.

I was told, but chose not to hear
And so I grew year by year.
I beg you to listen as I pass these words to you,
But I know you will not for I ignored them too.

So today will be the day your first tooth will fall out
And tomorrow you'll become a Brownie Scout.
Oh little girl, again I will say
Try not to let this time slip away.

Next you'll become a teen, worrying about your hair
And any time there's a party, you'll have to be there.
It is then you'll realize what a special world you once had to see
So listen young child, just listen to me.

This fairy tale garden that you live within
Is away from all evil and away from all sin.
So enjoy this time while it lasts
For someday your dream world will be one in the past.



Darcy Bookout

ONLY ONE PURPOSE
Carol Cavin '86

So many faces
But only one person.
So many roles
But only one actor.
So many needs
But only two hands.
The person
The actor
The hands
Are not alone
Under the burden -
Just say a prayer
Be yourself,
And love your neighbor.

THE SEEING EYE
Lynn Robinson '88

It sees, It knows
The hidden meaning
The contrived symbolism
The harsh undertone
The disguised feeling
It's blind, It's ignorant
To the exposed hint
The unmistakable wink
The defenseless Fib
The simple swindle
It is the Seeing Eye
It sees the unimportant
It knows the insignificant

ANGER
Lynn Robinson '88

It surrounds
Electricity flows through
Anxiety fills
Carelessly thinking in panic
Let the vicious words fly
Lost in the heat
With unguarded words
Ruined for life
Unable to think clearly
Flee from the passion
Into the safety of apathy

Leah Altemeier '87

"What will my future be like?" I ask timidly. The gypsy clanks her jewelry as she cackles. "Oh, my sweet, is it your future you are worried about?" "Not worried, just curious." As I attempt a pleasant smile I blush. I'm dying to know. "Well, just look into my crystal ball..."

There I was, standing in a business office. It looked like some meeting was about to take place. "Welcome, Ms. Hampton. Please sit down. Now let's get down to business. Where do you think MAPCO is going?" "Well," I stammered ...

"Well what. Come on Liz. Just tell me. Do you think he's cheating on you, is that it? What nonsense! Outrageous! How could he possibly risk leaving you and your four wonderful children?" "MOMMY! Allison's hitting me!" came from another room. "You know what, Liz? You need something to keep your mind occupied. Get a job. How about secretarial work?" "A secretary! Come on, I'd like to do something a bit more demanding. I'm just so tied down here." ...

"What was that? I didn't quite catch that, Elizabeth." "Oh, it was nothing." "Okay, now meet us at Gate 41 headed for Italy tonight. Brush up on your political Italian if you need to. I know Mr. DiAngelou doesn't speak English, and Lord knows I don't speak Italian. After Italy we're going to make some quick stops in England, Germany, and Spain for a few months." I hesitated. "It sounds great, but I thought you said Christmas vacation would be open for me this year." "I'm sorry, Elizabeth, but this just can't wait." A sigh escaped from my lungs ...

"Cut, cut. That's all wrong. Eli, darling, do you know what excitement is? People don't usually sigh when they're excited. If you can't handle 14 hour days tell me now and I'll find someone else." "I can do it." "After all, you're standing right next to Sylvester Stallone. Put some 'oomph' into it." "Yeah, babe, do it for me," came from the bulky mass. "Heh, right." ...

"Talking to yourself again, Liz? You may be able to write novels but you sure are weird. Anyway, I've got great news for you. Your first five novels have all hit one million! I've been thinking, I don't want your public to start taking you for granted, so as your publisher I want you to take a year off, not writing anything. They'll be dying for your books after you get your sixth novel completed." "What! Don't you think they might forget about me?" "Nonsense! Trust me!" ...

"My sweet, did you find what you were looking for?"

THE WATERFALL Melanie Russell '87

Cool, refreshing - the shadowed, dark hole
beckons.
A cold breeze sprays droplets on tan skin.
The skin shivers, rippling as the hairs rise.
Eyes lift up and watch the white sheets of
foamy, cold water cascade into a green
pool that seems black.
Suddenly the white creates a rainbow
of colors above the trees.
A warmth penetrates the skin - it ripples
again as the hairs fall.
Sunshine replaces shadows.
The clouds have moved away, beyond the
grey of the rocks.
The skin, the eyes - both relax as they are
touched by the warm green drops of
water - the waterfall.



Andrea Carter

EPIGRAM: "Give me a fish and I eat for a day;
teach me to fish and I eat for a lifetime."

Heidi Vastbinder '85

As children, we ran on the shore
Playing games with the tide as it
Chased our feet - daring it more
To kiss the sandy toes which
Responded in retreat before
it's lips could ever come near.
With such practiced skill -
Adept at avoiding - Could we ever learn
To embrace the rush and summon the will
To learn to fish?
We sat down on the rocks and wept...
The wind blew an answer -
"Sell all and become ... fishers ..."
So we quested for more
Looking in puddles for signs of life
Sifting truth from clouded waters
The process observed by ignorant watchers
Who scoffed from afar with their bone-dry feet.
But we continued wringing the sand dry.
And pouring cold cups of water for tired hands
Until we grew discontent with puddles
And turned to the damp expanse
And asked how to fish
Of the troubled abyss.
*The Thunder speaks again.
"Give! What have we given?"
Ourselves - accustomed to our unity
Can we ever part without losing
Something - and yet to gain - something infinite, for eternity?
**"Sympathize! I have heard the key"
And listened for its turning in your cell.
Isolation lost I'm conscious of the Bell
Which tolls not for one as it tolls for all.
**"Control: The boat responds"
To ready hands - palms extended express the wish
To receive the gift for which we've given -
Everything to learn to fish.

*From T.S. Eliot's The Waste Land

GROWTH

Barbara Keith Brown '85

Carefully, we move through the halls
Not stepping on anyone
Trying to take care of ourselves
Staying out of the way when we need to
Gently we shove
Those inferior to us.
Physically we move.
Mentally we live, adolescence ... unspoken
Terror.

CLASS OF 1985

Scottie Hill '85

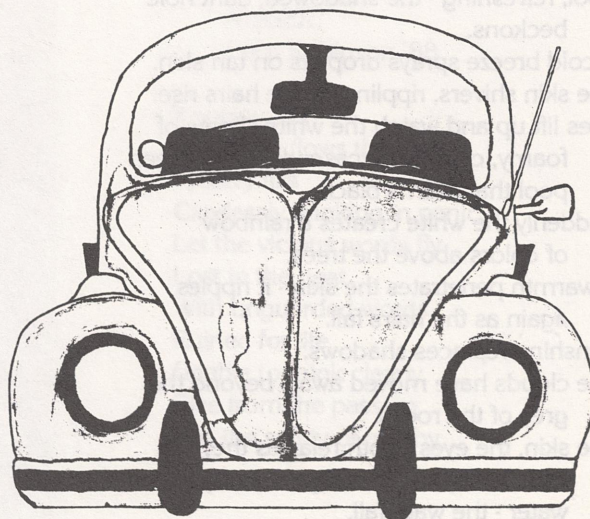
Within this bond I am secure,
this bond is a foundation built with
stones of silent understandings, gentleness
and mutual respect for the special
quality in each of us that makes us
a family.

In this bond we have laughed at
each other and ourselves, supported and
encouraged in all efforts -
each day adding a new stone and dimension to our fortress.

Four years later, the foundation
is developed and complete. We have
experienced the power existent in
loving each other and Harpeth Hall
that surpasses "school spirit" or "class
unity." It is a sense of growth and
fulfillment in who we are because
of each other.

To leave? Now?
Could the foundation but crumble?
As each brick is stolen and replanted
in different paths and experiences?

As we leave a bit of ourselves
at Harpeth Hall, we take a bit of our
bond and improve our own worlds
for all that we have learned
here together, amongst our friends.



Shelly Martin



